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ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY R. O. S.

—You loved me once, ah, well I knew it then!
One night you kissed me, underneath the roses,
And said that we must never kiss again.
That was the parting, that strange moment, when
The heart its weakness and its strength discloses.
I knew you loved me then!

You love me yet, ah, well I know it now!
By those few silent kisses, sad as tender,
That gave my spirit strength, I know not how.
Falling like benisons on lip and brow
To fill my soul with mingled gloom and splendor—
I know you love me now!

As then and now, oh let it be for aye!
Let those dear lips still tell the sweet old story.
Let those kind kisses still drive grief away,
Lighten my heavy cross from day to day,
And make my crown of thorns a crown of glory.
Forever and for aye!

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

"OH, no; they only think you reticent! Remember, I have lately been behind the scenes, and heard most frank opinions. Your conscience should be very easy, Anne, if this"—looking round the little room—"is all of Merlswood that you appropriate. I'm afraid there has been but little of pleasure in your life here."

"Very little," sighed Anne quietly. "But what is not pleasure is discipline."

"To-morrow;" Joy said, stilling the twitching of Anne's tight lips with a warm soft touch of her own, "will you take me over the house? We will see it all at our leisure. I'm going to make the house beautiful—in time. Not have a new one, as Mr. Glenorris meant to do, for I shall love it best old; but I will make it beautiful with everything that money can buy. Anne, what did the Misses Nelson mean by speaking of locked and haunted rooms?"

"If a ghost-story, no ghost," replied Miss Klenon, watching the childish interest in her companion's face. "There is a library old Mr. Glenorris used generally to sit in after his son left, and where, I believe they never disturbed him, and it is kept locked; but of course the key will be given to you. Then the tapestry-room is supposed to be haunted by a child who cries before any sorrow coming to any of the Glenorrises; but, for other reasons, it is more like a haunted room to me—not that old legend. It was young Glenorris's play-room as a child, and there are his toys and games and nursery-books; and, considering how he left home, that seems a haunted room indeed. When one thinks it was his mother who made his home hateful to him——"

"You will show me all, Anne, won't you?" said Joy, shrinking yet from this sad subject. "And now I suppose I must dress, as I want to speak to speak to Mr. Johnson before any one else arrives. How long a time do you require for dressing?"

"Don't ask me to come down to-night," pleaded Miss Klenon.

"No, I wont ask you; but I shall look for you, and come up for you if you are not there, and wait for you if you are not ready. To-night, Anne, please, of all nights!"

It did not seem to Anne many minutes after she herself had closed the door behind Miss Glenorris when it opened again to re-admit her. In her indifferent way Anne had turned to see who entered; then she stood gazing steadily and smilelessly at the girl in white with the wonderful gray eyes and the soft bright gold-brown hair.

"I did not think," she said, in a dreamy way, "that you—that any one could have looked lovelier than you did when you went away from here. Are you going to say now that all girls have——" Anne broke off, seeing in the glass a familiar figure in a limp black net dress, cut square, but filled in with a clumsy profusion of white net, and baggy sleeves quite to the wrist. "I can't help it," she said, with a rather touching humility; "I can't look well."

"You ought, with such a nice face," said the girl, gently touching one smooth sallow cheek. "Do follow me soon!"

* * * * * *

Mr. Johnson, in his rather unfamiliar evening-dress, was waiting alone in the drawing-room when Miss Glenorris entered; and, if his low bow were weighted with unusual courtesy, it was not because her beauty took him by surprise, as it had taken Anne, for he had learned it thoroughly among those comfortless surroundings at Ravenstor, and no accessory of dress could heighten it to him. With her hand outstretched, she came up to him, all in white, heralded by the delicious autumnal scent of the tuberoses nestling in the laces of her dress. Mr. Johnson had no knowledge, as Mrs. Fears-Klenon would have had, of the value of these laces clinging to the round white arms and neck; but he had a strong idea that somewhere he had read a line which fitted wonderfully to his thought at that moment—

"Kissworthy to the finger-tips."

"May I tell you again Miss Glenorris, even at the risk of wearying you with reiteration, how glad I am to see you at last in your own place?"

"I asked you to be early," she said, smiling, "partly because I felt that I owed you a further apology for deceiving you on the moor."

"But you did not deceive me, Miss Glenorris," he answered, with hearty amusement. "I guessed in the first five minutes, and was certain in five more."

"Oh, impossible!" she cried, in blank amazement.

"Not only not impossible," he said, with another bow, "but even not difficult, especially for a man who is not quite a stranger to the family portraits here."

Miss Glenorris's gaze went slowly along the walls of the room. At a distance, over the grand piano, there was a painted young woman in a white muslin frock like a night-gown, with staring blue eyes and round lymphatic cheeks. Was that what had been in Mr. Johnson's memory when, on the moor, he recognized her for a Glenorris? Mr. Johnson had followed the gaze, and could scarcely repress his smile when the beautiful spirited gray eyes, with their unstirred possibilities of fire and pride, and yet of truest tenderness, turned back to him.

"I hope Sam is at home again and flourishing," he began, catching at the first remark which occurred to him, lest she should see that any earnestness of hers had amused him. "And I hope, too, that, like yourself, he will have no further experience of the Chicks. I may dismiss them from Ravenstor at once, may I not, Miss Glenorris?"

"There is no hurry," she answered, rather abstractedly. "I think they need not go in that—very old man's lifetime."

"He is likely to outlive—every one," asserted the agent, his scorn of the subject struggling with his sense of humor. "As I told you, Miss Glenorris, they can afford to rent or buy a farm of their own."

"But he is so old."

"Then let them pay rent like honest men, if they must stay."

"No; I can't take that old man's money."

"May I be pardoned if I say you really ought? Ravenstor was lent to him for his wife's lifetime, and his remaining there is nothing more nor less than a deliberate fraud."

"Yes, I think so," she then answered readily.

"Then I may dismiss them? You will be very glad to be rid of them, Miss Glenorris, for they are a thoroughly despicable lot."

"Yes, I think so," she answered, placidly still, in her ignorance of how cruelly this truth would come home to her one day. "But do not do it, please, while that very old man lives. You may let them understand that their tenure lasts no single hour beyond his death."

"Funeral," suggested Mr. Johnson pithily, and then paused, fully aware that she considered she had finally disposed of that matter.

"Mr. Johnson"—after a pause, and the shrewd agent knew quite well that she had not yet struck the key-note of this conversation she had sought with him—"did you notice this afternoon a young lady who stood most of the time at that window alone? You were one of the few who spoke to her, so I feel that you can tell me who she is. I had no idea, though I also spoke to her of course. She was very pale, with small bright dark eyes, and, though she kept so much apart, I fancied she made good use of them."

"That was Miss Porch; she and a sister have taken the Moat, a small house of yours on the cliffs, not far beyond the northern boundaries of the park. It has been vacant for a long time, and I would have liked it to be taken for a period and properly repaired—in which case I would have sent to you—instead of being taken as it was, hurriedly without conditions."

"Why was it not properly repaired?" questioned Miss Glenorris.

"Because they would take it only for a quarter, and of course it would not do to expend much for that; not but what we could have done something had they not objected to wait. They have furnished it only in a scanty way, with things sent out from Eastmouth, yet they gave me a good reference to a London banker, besides mentioning Mr. Pardy; so I considered myself justified in letting them have the house."

"Of course; but it must not be left in want of repair."

"Miss Porch does not seem to care at all, and I fancy the other sister has no voice in affairs; she is the veriest little mouse of a woman."

"Was she here to-day?"

"I think not—I feel sure not, Miss Glenorris, for it is rarely that any one's presence escapes me. I scarcely ever see her anywhere except at home and at church; Miss Porch, though is often here. She seems to wish to be neighborly with Mrs. Klenon and Mrs. Fears-Klenon; but she must surely have discovered that those ladies choose to be neighborly only with quite desirable people, and Miss Porch's present residence is against her. I sometimes suspect that, in default of intercourse with the ladies here, she is cultivating the acquaintance of Mrs. Oswell, your housekeeper, Miss Glenorris. I have seen Mr. Pardy go to their house too."

"You mean the gentleman who met me in Torquay. Does he live near here?"

"On the outskirts of Eastmouth, Miss Glenorris. His father was senior partner in the best banking-house in Torquay, and left his wife a handsome competence. The air of Torquay was too relaxing for her; so he built her a pretty place called Ashgrove. She is now a confirmed invalid. I grieve to say it, for no one can help respecting and liking Mr. Pardy. Young Pardy has chambers in London, and does something in literature, I believe; but he can live very comfortably on his mother's property, which he manages for her."

"He looks a very good young man," observed Miss Glenorris, in a tone which made it difficult for Mr. Johnson to hold back his smile.

"He is clever too; he gave Mr. Redby his assistance in tracing you, Miss Glenorris."

Another pause, during which it struck Mr. Johnson that she had tried in vain to introduce another topic.

"Do you think, Mr. Johnson, that I have seen all my tenants to-day?"

"I should fancy so, Miss Glenorris. Surely they were a fair assembly?"

From her low seat she looked slowly and gravely up into the agent's face, her hands idle, not even taking refuge in toying with her fan."

"Which of those gentlemen rents the Glen Farm?"

"Oh, neither of those?" Mr. Johnson allowed, with a good-natured pretence of suddenly remembering that one tenant must have been absent. "The gentleman who holds the Glen Farm is not a farmer, though he calls himself one. It strikes me he must have taken the form for the indulgence of a whim, Miss Glenorris, for he has been a Calvary officer as well as an Oxford man. Certainly the Glen is not an ordinary farm, having less land than would be needed by any professional farmer who could afford the rent of that picturesque house mellowed by its four hundred years of age. But I wrote you all this when I asked for your signature to the lease."

"I think," observed the girl, fully aware of the astonishment she would excite, "that I should like the Glen Farm in my own hands."

"It has not hitherto, Miss Glenorris," returned her agent, amused, but smiling, "been farmed by the Squire of Merlswood."

"But I can be the first," she said. "Please have the tenant—evicted, don't you call it?"

"Impossible!" cried Mr. Johnson forcibly. "I beg your pardon, Miss Glenorris"—pulling himself up in haste—"I have of course mistaken your meaning."

"No," she answered, quite successful in her attempt to speak with consummate ease; "I would like to have the farm."

"Miss Glenorris," said her agent then, quite gravely, "please recollect that I wrote everything to you when I sent you the lease to sign, and you signed and returned it. It is too late now to make any alteration."

"I did not examine the lease of course," the girl said, "because when I read your letter I felt sure I should do right if I signed what you sent me to sign. I am sorry now that I did not. You are quite right and kind too in your opinion, and I will not ask you to do what you do not advise; so I must myself dismiss Mr.—the tenant from the Glen Farm."

* * * * * *

There was not much persuasion needed to induce Mrs. Klenon and her daughter to remain at Merlswood. They were supremely satisfied to do so, and, if Joy Glenorris was otherwise than satisfied, she certainly did not betray it. The arrangement had its solid advantages too. Mrs. Klenon had sufficient worldly knowledge to choose the pleasantest worldly paths, and, as the key to these paths is the art of making oneself agreeable, she did it to even those who saw through her. People found her useful in society, and passed by her arrogance, as well as her absurd adulation of her elder daughter.

Joy fought bravely against the ruffling of these opposite natures. It was chiefly

when they were alone that she felt the chafing, for Mrs. Fears-Kienon, like her mother, "in the world had learned the art of pleasing," so that few in society guessed how the girl whom she invariably addressed as "dear" and spoke of as "charming," was submitted to constant correction, to indefatigable reminders of her delinquencies, and wearying advice on little matters that were not of the slightest moment—all very quietly, for Mrs. Fears-Kienon's voice was always politely modulated, whatever words of contempt it uttered. She would preach economy to Joy by the hour in her serene way, but would take care that she herself should want for nothing; and Joy would listen placidly, as it seemed, her eyes upon the large white idle hands; but generally her thoughts had wandered miles or years perhaps away.

Sometimes the girl would languidly put aside these harangues, and sometimes impatiently interrupt them; but generally she let them have their way, curbing herself for the sake of Anne, who still was sensitively afraid of being considered an interloper. Even yet, in spite of her cousin's intense kindness to her, Anne was not at her ease, though the greatest happiness she knew now was in Joy's society. The brooding unambitious nature found a new study in the wide, truthful, generous one, while Joy's uniformed, unequal, noble character found rest and balance in the sensible and commonplace one. There was no chafing here, as there was between Joy's rugged, eager nature and Kate's always serene one, for the barricade around Anne was not the perfectly impervious one of littleness and affectation, but that ugly wall which sin rears, and which so often crumbles to pieces at the gentlest touch.

Day after day new and wonderful things arrived for the beautifying of Merlswood, and Joy's gay excitement over these arrivals was perhaps, as Mrs. Fears-Kienon said, essentially childish; but it was a very pleasant change for Merlswood, and a sensation its old walls had not known for many and many a year. The old carved furniture in the great dining-room was left in its well worn bronze Genoa velvet, and the great drawing-room still lay in state in amber satin under its holland pall; but the smaller drawing-room now was not the only other pleasant sitting-room, and, pretty and luxurious as it became touched everywhere with palest of pale blues, there were other sitting-rooms bright and wooing too, clad in softest pink, or green, or primrose, a constant surprise to the visitors who had known Merlswood without this indefinable air of freshness.

Joy soon knew every hook and corner of the grand old mansion. In the library, so long locked up, she had sat alone for hours thinking over the solitary life of the old man whose death had given her this home. In the room up-stairs, with its faded tapestry of the twelve apostles half way up the walls, she had often had a fire on purpose to make it feel homelike, and had sat gazing upon the prim figures always standing there, above which hung some of the old toys of the one child of the house, telling their sad tales to her. There were the crossed bats above St. James, over St. Peter was the damaged kite hanging with its long tail looped round it, the battledore and a pyramid of shuttlecocks were above Judas, and the little rusty gun was drooping over St. John. What stories the old toys told her—of a father's love and of the mystery that hung for her over the lad's very name! Joy was making great plans for using the justice-room, for the people should all have amusement through the winter, she determined, hopeful about everything in her new home—poor Joy!

"I will brighten this Christmas for the country people," she had said; and Mrs. Fears-Kienon smiled, and was sure she would feel thoroughly at home among them.

Her mind was full of projects, while through these first weeks invitations poured in upon her. All the county held out to her the hand of fellowship, and thought—she knew Mrs. Kienon was right in reminding her—it was as the owner of Merlswood and representative of past Glenorrises that she was sought after, she accepted all with as glad and grateful a feeling as if the friendliness had been for herself. She never guessed that any one having met her once was anxious to meet her again, all the more so that she was a little puzzling. Though there was so distinctly the stamp of the young aristocrat upon her, there was much real simplicity; though there was a natural love of amusement, there was an earnestness which all felt without fully understanding; and, though there was so much youth and warmth of heart that dignity seemed impossible, yet now and then came a little flash that looked like it to those who would never see the dignity which came to her in her very moment of need.

But, though the girl's nature puzzled many, it never puzzled Kate Fears-Kienon. From that early hour when she took as earnest Joy's apparently rapturous delight over finding herself in the newspaper for the first time, Mrs. Fears-Kienon knew she understood her. She was experienced, she modestly affirmed, in human nature. But human nature is a harp of many strings so it is scarcely possible that one who could strike only a single note could ever understand it.

Sometimes the girl gave a glimpse of real ignorance before visitors or servants, and this always won an elaborate explanation or amendment from Mrs. Fears-Kienon; but, though the brilliant blush would betray her acute consciousness of her own mistake, she was never awkward or shamefaced. Sometimes in irrepressible fun she would follow her cousin's advice to the letter; but Kate was never aware of a joke, and never detected any spice of mischief in the grave gray eyes. Her contempt reached its climax when, before Joy's introductory dinner at Combe Castle, she found her sitting engrossed by the *Times*, which was spread between her extended arms.

"Are you in the newspaper again, dear?" she inquired sweetly.

"No; I am preparing my politics for to-night. They are jumbled, I fear; but I suppose I am a Radical."

The shock was great to Mrs. Fears-Kienon.

"I have no doubt you are," she said; "but pray do not let the ridiculous fact escape you to-night dear."

"Will they all be of the opposition?"

"Certainly; they are—patrician."

"Thank you, Kate"—putting down the paper—"then I know I am a Radical. The worst is it needs a man's brain to expound my views."

While all these entertainments were given as her welcome and in her honor, she was busy among the people, groping certainly in these first steps towards achieving any good, but doing everything with a whole-heartedness that, even when unsuccessful in its first aim, did good unawares. She had decided to return all the hospitalities shown to her by a series of festivities at Christmas-time; and the poor should have their turn. This would be much more cheerful, she thought, than giving a dinner now and then while she was a comparative stranger. And in the meantime there were pleasant afternoons for the callers at Merlswood, and Joy's knowledge of the people on her land grew day by day.

She patronized everything that could give them pleasure, and, if her treats for them were more generous than wise, it was want of experience, not of thought. Like all things else about the girl, even her projects for the people were full of contradictions. She had planned and even begun to build high above the cliffs not far away, where the soft south wind should shine upon it, a house where worn and sick women who were too poor to seek their own rest and change should find it ready for them, and at no expense; and in a pretty little house between Merlswood and Eastmouth she had established a cottage-hospital, which already had won blessings as much as the oldest and plainest and poorest among them.

Day after day passed, and Joy Glenorris obtained no interview with Mr. Lester sufficiently business-like to admit of her telling him she wished him to leave the Glen Farm, though she constantly sought to find him in Mr. Johnson's office, or meet him out on neutral ground. She shrank from any appeal to her agent to do this duty, and, though so painfully desirous of having it done, she could not do it in the houses where only as yet they had met. Nor could she—or rather would she—write to him. So from day to day she waited, hoping chance would favor her.

Except for her calm avoidance of him, and now and then a sudden flush when he addressed her unexpectedly, she was the same to all the men who sought to find favor in her eyes, giving not one a hope beyond the others, and yet friendly with all. To Mr. Meredith, the rather erudite young curate—virtually their Rector, for Mr. Ozanne, who held the living, and had been young Glenorris's tutor, had taken, in one of the eastern counties, a charge of which Joy heard many eccentric and incredible rumors—she would show such an easy and unexpected knowledge of the books he had read that Lawrence Nelson, making the most of every short leave he could get, turned his conversation with her markedly upon literature. But he only found that she laughed, and merged discussion into what would interest him; and, when he tried to pick up other hints of what were her hobbies, he never found them any deeper upon her. His wooing had scarcely any hope to support it, and he felt perfectly certain in his own mind that he was not such an idiot as to fancy he could win her; but he tried all the same—always pleasant, however little encouraged—always in earnest, however trivial—always amusing, however serious. It was very different with Sir Hussay Vickery of Combe Castle, who, in spite of the drawback of a bare five feet six inches, considered himself the one unrivalled match of the county—who would indeed have been an exceptional man if he had not, seeing that society had for ten years been showing him that he was so, by virtue of his large Castle and possessions, his long rent-roll and descent, and the really handsome head which prevented the diminutive figure from being insignificant. His own fair appreciation of these attractions had made it difficult for him to find any one worthy to be endowed with them, until Joy Glenorris took possession of Merlswood. Then he began to think that, with that snug little property and a certain beauty of her own, and no marked deficiency in natural sense or charm, he might do worse than select her for the position so many had show themselves desirous to fill; and, having decided this, he left off bestowing his invaluable smiles promiscuously, and allowed her to understand that he had selected her for his wife, and deserved in return her sole attention. But even this devotion had, so far, won no response. Recognized lady-killer as the Baronet was, and persistent in his complacent courtship, neither dinners nor dances brought him nearer to that certainty of acceptance which alone could justify him in submitting a proposal to any woman.

Several times Miss Glenorris had visited the Moat—indeed she had not been three days at Merlswood before she first went there, remembering what her agent had told her of the house, and anxious that it should be in some way improved for the two sisters who inhabited it. She found it perched upon the cliffs, shrinking back against a neglected garden rising almost perpendicularly behind it—a discolored little house, showing damp green splashes on its once white walls, a verandah with grass growing between the red tiles of its floor, and overgrown with rank neglected creepers, and a few square feet of garden in front, where one bright monthly rose was as little cared for as the weeds that grew with it—an altogether shabby disreputable house, which made Joy blush angrily to think she would receive rent from any one who was obliged to occupy it. She sat in the scantily-furnished room, and actually pleaded with Miss Porch to allow the house to be renovated, using no argument that could mortify the sisters, whom she recognized as gentlewomen—and as educated gentlewomen too—only the safe one of her selfish desire to improve her property. But any arguments would have been the same to Agatha Porch; her refusal to have workmen about, or any disarranging of their plans, was decisive and conclusive.

"But I will have it done very quickly; there shall be no tedious delay for you," urged Miss Glenorris, looking from Miss Porch to her sister—the little mouse of a woman, as Mr. Johnson had called her. She had been playing rapidly on the piano as Joy came up to the verandah, but had stopped suddenly at the rap upon the door, and had since sat apart under the only picture the room contained—an old photograph of Merlswood, guiltless of perspective, with a lady in a large crinoline and poke-bonnet gazing pensively upon the roof—only following every glance with her bright gentle, questioning eyes, and looking thoroughly surprised whenever Joy addressed her.

After this, Joy often went to the Moat, always finding Jessie Porch shy and reserved and grateful for kind words and ways, with over that questioning surprise in her eyes, and always finding the elder sister anxious to see and hear of Merlswood, yet shrinking from intercourse with Miss Glenorris elsewhere.

It was on her return from a visit to the Moat that one day she met Gervys Lester, just as she had often wished to do. He raised his hat, and was passing on, when, her face betraying her desire to speak to him, he stopped. Perhaps her tell-tale face also betrayed how her heart was beating in expectation of what she had to say to him—anyway he looked away from her, and, there being scarcely anything but sky to look at, he looked at that, and made some slight remark about the field-furze that had arrived. Surely she had only to mention her wish, and he would leave the Glen Farm at once! But, to her surprise, she found the words hard to say; and it was some minutes after he had turned to walk with her before she could tranquilly tell him that she desired to have the Glen Farm for herself.

"For yourself? Is that your latest whim?"

"I wish it," she said, her voice quite steady, though her face was pale.

"And will unwish it presently. You will never make a farmer. Why, even this pleasant changeable weather—which of course you enjoy, being so fond of change of all kinds—would lose its charm if you were obliged to consider how it affected your young bullocks!"

"I shall not mind that kind of thing," she said, with the more dignity as she feared his voice had a sound of laughter in it.

"But you do mind this kind of thing? I see. Then you had better consult with your agent who will initiate you into the mysteries of a lease."

"Surely you will not insist——"

"Surely, you mean, I will forfeit any claim I have on any land or house—at your bidding."

A silence, while she tried to be honest enough to say, Yes, that was what she meant, and while she saw beyond a doubt his perfect indifference as to what she should mean or not mean; and then he spoke in an easy matter-of-fact way, as if that subject was dropped.

"Are you getting fond of Devonshire, and to feel at home here?"

"I shall when——"

"When I leave the Glen Farm"—he filled in her pause, looking straight ahead, just as if he knew how painfully her cheeks were burning.

"You understand that I wish it?" she asked, stopping to pick up slowly a Michelmas daisy which seemed to have accidentally fallen from her fingers.

"Oh, perfectly!" Though he answered so promptly, he did not yet attempt to leave her; and presently he spoke again, idly, though with a little interrogation in the tone. "You have been walking alone to-day, as you so continually do?"

"Anne is generally busy, or wanted by Mrs. Kienon, and Mrs. Fears-Kienon does not care to walk."

"But you might stay at home with her," he suggested, a look of amusement in his eyes. "Are you not even yet in love with the motiveless life she leads—or rather which leads her? Besides," he went on in her silence, "while you have those new ponies to drive and horses to ride——"

"I do not ride well," she put in briefly.

"Is that your reason for walking, as I so often see you? I do not wonder, though. To me nothing could be pleasanter than a tramp at this fading end of an autumn day."

"I like the spring days better," she said coldly.

"Do you? I feel the beauty of the autumn deeper and fuller, and I am glad to feel it so. It promises that old age shall bring its deeper and fuller happiness. Suppose it did not! Suppose through it we fretted over our lost youth or faded hopes?"

"You are wondering why I do not hurry or turn aside," said Lester presently, for Joy walked on in careless silence. "The fact is, I want to say one word to you. You call rather often at the Moat, and Miss Porch goes to Merlewood occasionally. I want to advise you to have as little to do with her as possible. Probably you make the younger girl's days a little less dreary, still I want—impertinent as it may seem—to caution you against Miss Porch; I want you not to let her stay in that house of yours."

"Is there any comprehending a man? You will not go from the Glen Farm, which is mine, yet you ask me to turn away, without the smallest provocation, my most inoffensive tenants."

"It is for your good I ask it." His eyes were warm and earnest, in spite of his cool tone, and she saw it when she met them with her own cold direct gaze.

"And you?"

"I stay for—I think I stay for your good too."

It was impossible for those clear gray eyes of hers not to reveal to such as he the thoughts that passed through her mind; and he answered as if she had spoken—

"If I thought it for your good that I should go, I would go this very day."

"Then go."

"If I go will you dismiss Miss Porch?"

"You must be mad!" she cried, with swift unreasoning impatience. "What has she done that I should serve her so? Had you not better propose that I should dismiss all my tenants, except you? Shall I begin to-day—now—by turning out Miss Beton from Rose Cottage?"

"I do not know Miss Beton yet, except by hearsay; I believe she offended the late Mrs. Glenorris once by honestly taking the part of her son," said Lester, watching the far-off steam of a train gliding Exeterwards close down by the sea.

"Mrs. Glenorris was not at all nice, I think," said the girl, and then, with the anger dying out of her eyes, went on her solitary way.

At the Knoll she had grown to feel thoroughly at home, and the girls there might have been her lifelong friends, even Mrs. Calmady, who often drove from Torquay in the long leisure that her husband's absence gave her, Doctor Edwin Calmady being the most popular physician in Torquay, in spite of his small personality, and a habit he had of keeping his eyes lowered while he talked or listened. Charlotte used to say she never had an idea he was fond of her until he told her so in the plainest terms, because his eyes were never raised to show her, and that when she once found him looking at her—when they had been married for months—she positively jumped in alarm.

Mrs. Calmady grew very fond of visiting Merlswood, and from these visits her husband himself would generally arrange to fetch her. As time went on, the busy physician made more opportunities of seeing the neighborhood, joining Joy Glenorris when he could, and talking with her over the many whom she had made her friends; but not until a heavy shadow had fallen among them did she understand his motive in this. She only laughed—picturing his small person, long hair, and delicate hands—when Lawrence called him "Lot's wife," but she had a thorough and honest respect for him from the first.

At Combe Castle, the splendid home of Sir Hussay Vickery and his mother, Joy Glenorris won a double welcome. Not only to gratify her son, but for her own pleasure too, Lady Vickery constantly invited the girl to the Castle, and went herself to Merlswood, as she had never gone before. At Asgrove, in Mrs. Pardy's sick-room, this girl, with her sweet natural voice, never lowered as if for a sick-room, yet always soothing, and her lovely presence to beautify it, was like the spring sunshine to the suffering lady, who yet never dreamed that Joy went solely for her sake. It was natural to the patient, devoted mother to feel that she was visited for Norman's sake, and cared for only because she was Norman's mother; yet there was never a thought of Norman in Joy's heart when she brought the sunshine into that quiet room, nor would she even have mentioned Norman there, save for the pleasure that it gave the mother. It was such a lonely life, the girl thought pityingly, never guessing of a still lonelier one—so strange and sad a life to be spent in one room only, with the great busy world outside, and yet so far from it!

So—longing to be of a little use, to give of her help and sympathy, to be cared for herself in her great loneliness—Joy Glenorris became a friend everywhere; and the days went on until the first month in her new home passed away.

CHAPTER VII.

"NOW, Anne, I'm ready!"

"Then you hadn't forgotten me?" said Anne turning from her painting to meet the glad young face.

"Forgotten you! I never could. Come; Rachel's departure has hindered me a little; she is taking but a short holiday, for she declares she will be back on Tuesday. Mrs. Oswell has engaged a young Frenchwoman to take her place, but it was quite unnecessary. I have not seen her, and she does not come till this evening. We shall not dress for the concert," Joy continued, as the girls went to the Justice room together, "for I want the villagers to feel comfortable."

The great room looked very different from what it had looked on the autumn morning when Anne first brought Miss Glenorris there, and it was but natural that following this thought should come the memory of other changes to bring a smile into Anne Kienon's deep-set eyes. A piano and some music-desks stood at the end of the long room, on a platform warmly carpeted with red, and on the walls were picturesque designs and festoons of ivy, box, and holly. Among this greenery, which had been up for a week, the fresh flowers were to be put, and several basketfuls stood ready for the girls to arrange while the footmen were replenishing the wax-candles. This was the last day of the old year, and this evening's was to be the last of the entertainments Joy Glenorris had devised for her people. She had alternated them with the brilliant festivities she had arranged for her own guests at Meriswood, only deciding that the villagers should, on this Saturday which ended the year, have a quiet entertainment for themselves.

Several times she had been asked what she would allow to be done for her birthday on the morrow; but, while shrinking unaccountably from the idea of keeping it as a festival, she had been able to turn the subject aside by reminding them that this New Year's Day was on a Sunday, and so she would postpone all birthday rejoicings until '82, when she should come of age. Of course this seemed a natural arrangement, and it had been a real delight to her to be asked, with Anne, to spend next evening quietly at the Knoll. To-night she might, alone and prayerfully, welcome the first year that would dawn for her in her new home.

Those who were going this evening to sing, or play, or read for the amusement of the village guests were a goodly list of volunteers, ranging from the wife of the county member to the village dressmaker, and from a musical viscount to a young fisherman. Many had begged Miss Glenorris to perform; but her refusal had been decisive though gentle. She had so little voice, she said, and they wanted really good singers. The Nelson girls were not alone in their surprise at her not asking Mr. Lester to sing; but she took no hint, and, when broadly questioned by Mrs. Fears-Kienon, only calmly said she did not think she would.

Though the formal invitations had been sent him for three of the entertainments at Meriswood, he had accepted only one, and that was the final dance on the night before this Saturday. But he had been present at most of the pleasures for the villagers, and his easy help had been an intense relief to the young hostess, who was so truly anxious to give pleasure, and who was working as busily now as if she had not been on the night before queen in such a brilliant assembly. Mrs. Fears-Kienon, who looked enviously upon the inherited jewels, noticed in amazement that her young cousin never wore a single gem, and thought her positively stupid, the Glenorris jewels being of rare beauty and value. Anne Kienon, pausing in her own work to watch the busy white fingers, was wondering over this indifference even to a ring, when the outer door was opened, and Theresa and Eliza Nelson, with Mrs. Calmady, a smaller edition of her sisters, ran in gay and shivering, with the curate following in their wake. They came to ask if they might assist in preparing for the evening, and Leo and Mr. Hurd would follow soon, they said; then all began to chat of the ball on the night before, speaking in lavish praise of it: but Mr. Meredith, quietly watching Miss Glenorris, fancied she showed far too little delight in it for her age and for the vivid sensation she had created.

"Your dress was the most lovely one I ever saw, Joy," cried Theresa warmly; "it seemed to be all white chenille—and you do arrange your flowers so beautifully always!"

"Do you know," inquired Eliza, summoning courage to ask a question which troubled her, "why Mr. Lester came in only for that little time?"

"You should know better than I, Iza," said Joy, with a smile, "for you danced with him and I did not."

"He found I had not a partner just then," confessed Eliza frankly, yet with a blush, because she knew it was not usual for her to want partners, and might look suspicious. "He probably thought it would be of no use to try to win a dance from you."

"Mr. Lester never asked me," said Joy tranquilly, "else I should have danced with him, of course, for he was the only tenant present."

"He is coming in with Larry," remarked Theresa. "Surely he will stay to help?"

"Scarcely," said Mr. Meredith; "he is much a busy man;" then, always quietly studying Miss Glenorris's likes and dislikes as he saw, he thought, an incredulous smile upon her lips. "Indeed," he added, "few know what good Mr. Lester does with his time. He is an earnest man, and therefore, as Schiller would say, life is earnest to him. And his earnestness is shown in little daily acts, and does not wait for the important crisises of life; do you not think so, Miss Glenorris?"

"I do not know his little daily acts," she said, with an indifference more tranquil than cold; "but I should never imagine Mr. Lester a model young man."

"Because he is pleasant company," queried Theresa, "and that Larry calls very plucky."

"Because he can be ill-tempered, Miss Glenorris means," said Mr. Meredith, musing over the wonderful power of expression possible to gray eyes, "Well, he gives men high standards, at any rate. It is so odd to think of him as a tenant-farmer. What is that quaint old proverb about its being a pity to use such a horse for carrying sand?"

"Is the horse Pegasus?" asked Joy, with the indifference to which all who knew her were accustomed, when Lester was mentioned. "Scarcely the right horse for a Lancer."

"Oh, then he told you, Miss Glenorris?" inquired Eliza eagerly. "He is so reticent, and we never can imagine why he left the Army."

"You told me he had left the Lancers," corrected Joy. "He scarcely ever talks to me or I to him. We speak to each other, but we don't talk. He and I have no thought in common."

But for his deep interest in her, the curate would have smiled at this dignified speech.

"I should have fancied," he said, "that you and he had many thoughts in common, Miss Glenorris. If Lester had your property I could fancy——"

"Do not fancy," put in Joy Glenorris hastily. "Everything," she went on, with exaggerated calmness, as she heard the door open, "I ever do, fails—utterly. Only this very morning I found that old Cobbley, who had applied to me as if in need, had owed up his beef-tickets to claim a sirloin and give a bachelor-party; and, when I sent old Mrs. Hart a chicken for Christmas Day, she told Roland she hoped I should think to send her something tasty to eat with it!"

"But those are very exceptional cases," laughed Mr. Meredith; "and it is not only by gifts that you do good."

"Oh, I fail far more hopelessly in other ways!" said the girl; with a bright blush. "For instance, on Christmas Eve I was at old Bridget Macinney's, and I talked and talked and talked to her on her favorite subject of purgatory until I felt certain I had converted her; so, when she came out to the pony-carriage with me, and was tucking in the rug, I said, quite hopefully, 'So now, Bridget, you feel as sure as I do that there's no such place as purgatory, don't you?' 'Me dear,' said Bridget, standing back for the ponies to go on their way, 'jist wait an' see till ye git there!' So you see," concluded Joy very calmly, as Lester and young Nelson joined them, "that I fail in everything."

"So do I," put in Lester. "I have been trying to get a young fellow who has to come home every evening through Torre not to call in at the public-houses he passes. At last, a week ago, he succeeded, and came home delighted to tell me so. Next day he spent the whole evening in one, saying he considered it his just reward for passing at all the day before."

"Positively the room looks quite beautiful!" declared Mrs. Calmady. "I could not fancy it the bare old justice-room. And are really none of the seats to be reserved? Not even one"—with a laugh—"for Sir Hussay Vickery?"

"You see that you are supposed to have a special interest in Sir Hussay, Miss Glenorris," said Mr. Pardy pointedly. "May I ask why he is so favored?"

It was not improving to Norman Pardy to be growing bent upon one aim, as he was now; and this gleam of jealousy warned even himself. While the actions of others did not interfere with him in the slightest, his courteous placidity was unruffled; but where there seemed a chance of his being thwarted there rose unguessed-of feelings to the surface.

"He is very handsome," the girl asserted, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, and then worked on more busily with her snowy chrysanthemums.

"I suppose," remarked Theresa, "it is decided that the piano duet of the Miss Vyells is to come first?"

"Better last," suggested Lawrence; "then we can all go out as we choose and leave them at it, for Tennyson's brook isn't 'the smallest part of a circumstance' to them for going on forever."

"Joy," whispered Eliza Nelson, "if you would ask Mr. Lester, he would sing; and instead of my solo we could have a part-song — 'All along the valley' perhaps."

"No; please, no," said the girl, very low and hurriedly. Then, conscious of feeling unwarrantably impatient, she turned with real relief to greet Miss Nelson and Mr. Hurd. Yet any one watching her could have detected a curious uneasiness while the young Scotch advocate was near her.

"I verily believe," smiled Theresa, watching her evident relief when the lovers had moved away, "that you are thinking, as I often do, that lovers are not to be envied among quizzical single people. It is an awful phase of existence to pass through. Does not Lytton say it asks the courage of a lion knowingly to march to marriage? Did he fancy we could march unknowingly?"

"Unknowing what awaits us—why not?" asked Joy, with nonchalance.

"Probably no man would march to marriage at all if he knew what awaited him," was Lester's quiet observation.

"One thing do let me advise you, Miss Glenorris," Mrs. Calmady. "Never marry a confirmed bachelor, as I did. Do you know that one evening, positively six months after we were married, my husband promised to fetch me from a party which he could not go; but, when he got home, he found an old bachelor-friend there, so he put on his slippers and dressing-gown, lighted a pipe, began to gossip, and actually forgot he had ever married. There I was left last of the guests, and, when I reached home, you should have witnessed his horror at suddenly being reminded he had a wife!"

Joy laughed with the others, then began pencilling the titles of some music she wanted.

"I beg your pardon," she said presently, suddenly aware that half a dozen voices had been addressing her. "Oh, no"—when she understood what they were urging upon her—"you know I sing only in a small way! I could not to-night on any consideration."

"Do, dear," pleaded Mrs. Fears-Kienon. "The room would be very attentive, out of respect to the organizer of the concert, and you will be heard quite delightfully. We all promise to applaud enough to give you confidence."

"If I sang," said Joy, raising her head and looking straight at Lester—as she so rarely did—from her grave long-lashed eyes, "I should sing 'In the Gloaming,' or some sentimental, pretty, silly song like that."

"I hope not," was his brief reply.

"If I sang," she repeated, "I should sing that."

"Anything," cried one or two voices—"anything!"

"I have no intention of singing," she said; "but, if I sang, I should choose that—kind of song."

"Mr. Lester," said Anne Kienon, hesitating beside him a few moments afterwards, "I wish you understood my cousin better. She is unjust to no one but herself. It is only recklessness, and never want of heart."

"A man can fairly judge, Miss Kienon," he returned, smiling to think of any one excusing Joy Glenorris to him, "if he judge a face by his understanding."

"As few do," said Anne; and just then her sister advanced and smilingly addressed Lester.

"It is positively refreshing to come across a character like Joy's, so—mixed."

"Every character worth anything is," he answered briefly.

"With all my fair appreciation of her unconventionality," Mrs. Fears-Kienon went on affably, "I suffer a good deal in my anxiety about her. She is very apt at treading on society's tender places."

"She is always better than she seems, never worse," put in Anne stoutly.

"She never troubles herself to tread on my tender places," said Lester lightly, "so I have no means of judging; but you must be right, Mrs. Fears-Kienon, for in talking to you I feel how thoroughly you understand me, while, in talking with her, I only feel how thoroughly I understand myself."

"Just so," smiled his companion complacently. "And I like to see her among the village people. It is charming to witness any one so completely to the manner born!"

"Yes; it is a manner to which any one must be born," acquiesced Lester, fully aware of the covert sneer. "No one could acquire at school or college that perfect sympathy of self-forgetfulness."

"The luncheon gong!" cried Kate, with relief. "I suppose every one will come in? Oh, do not decline, Mr. Lester! You never give us the novelty of your company. Pray come."

But Lester could not spare time, he said, for such an indulgence, and in a few minutes had departed, the Nelson following, only Mr. Pardy remaining to lunch.

When Norman Pardy left Meriswood, he rode for a time very slowly along the Torquay road, and presently the Meriswood carriage overtook him, gliding easily upon its C-springs, the bays glossy and spirited, the men solemn and comfortable in their deep fur capes and cuffs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PATERFAMILIAS BUTTON-HOLED.—The first duty of husbands is to sympathize with their wives in all their cares and labors. Men are apt to forget, amid the perplexities and annoyances of business, that home cares are also annoying, and try the patience and strength of their wives.

They come home expecting sympathy and attention, but are too apt to have none to give. Frequently they are morose and peevish, and give their attention to the newspaper, or leave the house, and seek the companionship of men at the club or the saloon, while their wives are left alone and sad, borne down with family cares, and longing for sympathy and affection.

A single kindly word or look to indicate her husband's thoughtfulness would lift half the weight of care from her heart.

Secondly, husbands should make confidants of their wives, consulting them on their business plans and prospects, and especially on their troubles and embarrassments. A woman's intuition is often better than all the wisdom and shrewdness of her "better half," and her ready sympathy and interest is a powerful aid to his efforts for their mutual welfare.

Thirdly, men should show their love for their wives in constant attentions, in their manner of treating them, and in the thousand and one trifling offices of affection which may be hardly noticeable, but which make all the difference between a life of sad and undefined longing and a cheery, happy existence.

Above all, men should beware of treating their wives with rudeness and incivility, as if they were the only persons not entitled to their consideration and respect. They should think of their sensitive feelings and their need of sympathy, and "never let the fire of love go out, or cease to show that the flame is burning with unabated fervor." M. S.

A BROOKLYN preacher has threatened to expel members of his church who visit the skating rink. And yet nothing will bring a man on his knees so quickly as a pair of roller skates.

Bric-a-Brac.

MOTTOES ON GOLD.—A rich man's motto is: "Win gold and wear it;" a generous man's: "Win gold and share it;" a miser's: Win gold and spare it;" a prodigate's: "Win gold and spend it;" a fool's: "Win gold and end it;" a gambler's: "Win gold and lose it;" a wise man's: "Win gold and use it."

A DOG TALE.—A dog in Wanaque, N. J., who for some time had been noticed to take his breakfast in his mouth and run away with it uneaten, was followed, when it was discovered that he took his meal to a decrepid and emaciated old dog in a covert in the field, who eagerly devoured the food thus provided for him.

THE INK-PLANT.—The juice of the curious ink-plant of New Granada requires no preparation before being used for writing. The color is reddish when first applied to paper, but soon becomes a deep black, which is very durable. This ink is now used for public records and documents.

BOUND TO TIE THE KNOT.—Saturday night, in Banks' county, says a Georgia paper, Squire Christier was called upon to join a couple together in the holy bonds of matrimony. Going to the river, he found it impossible to cross. Determining not to be disappointed, he summoned the couple to the water's edge, on the other side of the stream, and having the groom to tie a rock to the license and pitch it over, some sixty yards, he proceeded to tie the knot at the top of his voice.

ILLUSIONS.—Science destroys some of the most cherished popular delusions. Catgut is derived from sheep; German silver was not invented in Germany, and it contains no silver; Cleopatra's needle was not erected by her, nor in her honor; Pompey's pillar has no historical connection with that personage; sealing wax does not contain a particle of wax; the tuberose is not a rose, but a polyanth; the strawberry is not a berry; Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths at all; whalebone is not bone, and contains not any of its properties.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.—Jupiter made a lottery in heaven to which mortals as well as gods were allowed to have tickets. The prize was wisdom, and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accused the gods of foul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aspersion, declared another lottery for mortals singly and exclusive of the gods. The prize was folly. They got it and shared it among themselves. All were satisfied. The loss of wisdom was neither regretted nor remembered—folly supplied its place, and those who had the largest share of it thought themselves the wisest.

CHINESE LUNCH.—A fashionable Chinese lunch consists of little bits of cold chicken with sauce, little bits of hot chicken boiled to rags, morsels of pork with mushrooms, fragments of cold duck with some other sort of fungus, watery soup, scraps of pigs' kidneys with boiled chestnuts, very coarse rice, pickled cucumbers, garlic and cabbage, patty of preserved shrimps, all in infinitesimal portions, so that, but for the plentiful supply of rice, hungry folk would find it hard to appease the inner wolf! All these are eaten with the deceptive chopsticks, which are as easy to use as two lead-pencils. Tiny cups of rice wine, followed by more tea, complete the repast.

BATHING.—The Japanese bathe to an excess, using such hot water, that fatal syncope is an occasional consequence. With the Japs the bath is a sensuous luxury. On the other hand, their neighbors, the Chinese, get inside as much clothing as possible, and are never seen in the streams in which their country abounds bathing or swimming. To go barefoot, except from dire necessity, is with them indecent. The Malays and the natives of Aden are many of them scarcely less than human docks. A bit of silver can not reach the bottom of the sea before they have it. The Hindoos and Brahmins bathe—especially in the Ganges—as a religious exercise, smearing the body with oil first, if they can afford it.

SWALLOWS DEFENDING THEMSELVES.—A man engaged near Hurleton, Cal., lately in filling up an old mining shaft found that thousands of swallows had built their nests and made their home in the shaft, and they flew out in great numbers as he shovelled. After working a time he went home, but returned the following morning. No sooner had he begun his work than the swallows flew in clouds. Soon he was startled by a cold, slimy wiggling snake falling upon his back. He supposed it came from a bush near by, but on looking up beheld a cloud of birds holding snakes in their claws, which they were trying to let fall on their enemy. It is needless to say he gathered up his pick and shovel and fled from the spot.

A PARABLE OF THE PANSY.—A German friend relates a pretty fantasy. It will please all lovers of the cheerful, charming Hearts-ease, which all love for its brightness and its constancy. The German story makes the five petals of the flower represent a step-mother with two children of her own—the two side petals—and two of her husband's—the two upper ones which differ in complexion from the other three. Step-mothers often, and very naturally, favor their own children more than they really wish or mean to, and the flower shows an example of it. By turning to the sepals at the back we see that the step-mother herself—the large lower petal—has two of the five—two chairs to sit upon. Her own children have a chair apiece; but the step-children are obliged to do with but one chair between them.

"THE GODDESS OF HOPE."

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

Who calleth thee false? O creature!
Immortal thou art: and supreme
Hi: h above all, like a guide star,
E'er faithful, tho' thou art unseen.
Life is a bow-string, O Goddess!
And thou as an heaven arched bow;
Man like the marksman whose arrow
Shall make thee his friend or his foe.

Touching the lips of the infant,
And dazzling the youth, thou art near,
Guiding the man, in his struggles,
The solace of age, and of fear.
Spanning the storms of the ocean,
And reaching the depths of all woe,
Stemming the strenght of the torrent,
And going where love cannot go.

Earth were a tomb—sorrow's canker
Would sup on the life drops. And lo!—
A charnal house ghastly unhidden
Would lurk where the footsteps must go,
If thou with thy power of healing
Veiled not the dread sight from our view;
Thy visions of glories revealing
With strength to press onward anew.

Faithful alike thou art ever
Inwoven with joy and with strife,
True when all else has forsaken
And constant in death as in life.
Fearless and loveless thou signeth
Alike over cabin and tow'r;
Condemned and yet blameless, O Angel,
Ye dwelt in Gethsemane's bow'r;

Anchor by which saints supernal
Are link'd to the loved ones on earth;
Living—thy life is eternal
And dying—thy death is new birth.
Cold, impassioned, ethereal,
Measureless power over man,
Resting on earth, while thy archway
The portals of heaven doth span.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XXII.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

GEORGE CARLIEGH drew in his breath fiercely as he noted Lady Fanshaw's look of loathing, and went to the nearest room softly, stayed there a few minutes, and was on his way back when he heard the drawing-room door unclose, and the voices of the two old officers as they ascended the stairs.

Not doubting but that they would be gone directly, he stopped listening, and uttered a suppressed oath as he heard them stop and Sir Harry tap and call Range by name.

"Trapped!" said Carleigh to himself, and he drew back to where his hands rested upon a portmanteau placed upon a couple of chairs.

The tapping was repeated, and Sir Harry again called.

"Surely he will not come in?" muttered Carleigh; but for precaution's sake he stole round to the other side of the bed, and stood behind the heavy hangings.

He had hardly taken this step when the door was softly opened and the light of the two candles cut across the darkness and threw into sight a picture on the wall.

Then followed Sir Harry's remark about his guest's sleep and the hard breathing. The door was softly shut, and the light that streamed faintly through the keyhole died away.

As Carleigh listened he heard the voices for a minute, then the closing doors, and all was silent.

He did not move for some little time, and when he did so he went softly to the window, drew back the blind, opened the casement, and leaned out, looking down and feeling with his outstretched hands.

"No; I was right the first time," he muttered. "Not so good."

He closed the window silently, let the blind fall back, drew the curtain, and then stole to the door, turned the handle very softly, glided out, after listening for a few minutes, shut the door, and gained his own room, fastening himself in.

There were two candles burning here, lighting up his ghastly face as he threw himself into an easy-chair and sat gazing straight before him for a few minutes, as if thinking deeply.

"Plenty of time!" he said at last; and then: "Not half enough!"

He seemed now full of nervous energy, and, leaping up, he took off his velvet coat and hung it on the door-handle, covering the keyhole.

"Not likely," he said to himself; "but I must be safe."

His next act was to take a large spirit-flask from the mantlepiece, take off the silver cup from the bottom, and turn it upside down, so that he could see through the clear glass that it was nearly full of pure brandy.

"Dutch courage?" he said, with the ugly look coming upon his face. "Dutch courage for a soldier! Well, I shall want all I've got, and a little more."

He poured out a little of the spirit and drank it.

"Ban! what have I to be scared at?" he said to himself. "I've seen them lie dead thick enough before to-night, and seen them burst the next day. I am not going to be scared now. It was a fight, and it might have been me lying there instead of him."

He screwed down the flask, and placed it on the window seat. Then, quietly unlocking a drawer, he took out a suit of clothes, with shirt and boots, all wet and muddied and torn, throwing them one by one upon the carpet.

"I must, I suppose," he muttered, and after a moment's hesitation he rapidly threw off his evening dress and, putting on a flannel in place of the wet, torned shirt, he donned the the soiled garb as quickly as their moist state would permit.

From a peg in the wardrobe he took out a cricketing cap, and then, after some labor, managed to get on the wet patent-leather shoes.

"I think that's all I need," he muttered. "Ugh! how they seem to cling."

Shuddering slightly, he turned to the window seat and took a little more of the brandy.

"I could drink a gallon to-night," he said to himself; and, then, touching the wet clothes again, he shivered and then laughed aloud.

"Only water," he said. "It might have been blood."

He looked at his watch, where it lay upon the dressing-table.

It was half-past twelve, and, putting out the lights, he softly drew up the blind, put the flask in his pocket, and opened the window.

"Curse the moon!" he said, as he looked out and gazed sharply round. "I wonder if that keeper is out."

He paused listening for a few minutes, and then closed the window again.

"Too soon," he muttered; and he began to pace the room softly for a long time, when feeling satisfied that all must be well asleep, he went to the door, listened, and then, as if thoroughly nerved to his task, went quickly to the window, opened it, and climbed out, holding on by the sill, till he had found a rest for his feet upon the large trellis that served as support to an old Glycene whose lavender racemes brightened the Priory in spring.

It was like a ladder, and closing his window from the outside he began to descend carefully, when he turned cold and then hot, and felt that he was discovered, for one of the bars of the old trellis broke with a loud crack.

As he remained absolutely motionless there, clinging by his outstretched hands, he might very well have been compared to some huge specimen of vermin killed by the keeper, and gibbeted against the house upon whose peace and purity he had come like a blight.

But Carleigh's attitude was voluntary, and finding no cause for alarm he descended the rest of the way quickly, bent down, keeping in the shadow of the shrubs and trees, and rapidly made his way to the end of the kitchen garden.

He knew what he was doing well enough and going straight to the toolhouse in one corner he opened the door, ran his hand along the wall inside, and there was a low clang, something like that of a large bell, as an iron implement hanging from a peg touched the bricks.

It was what he wanted—a spade; and taking this he crept rapidly out of the garden down the green path, by the old ivy-covered priory ruins, and down by the rhododendron clumps, till he came to the rustic gate opening on the path leading into the Wilderness.

"Curse the moon!" he muttered again, as he had to make detour after detour to avoid the bright light.

At last, though, he reached the spot where his declaration had been interrupted, and glanced hastily round, pouncing with an eager "ha!" upon something white, which proved to be one of Lady Fanshaw's handkerchiefs.

"A tell-tale!" muttered Carleigh, thrusting it into his pocket. "A lady was smothered once by her husband on account of the loss of a pocket-handkerchief. You must not suffer that, little Alice."

He went on along the path and over the rustic bridge, which was an easier way to the spot to which he and his adversary had struggled.

As Carleigh reached the place he started back in horror, for all was in shadow, save about one square foot where the moon looked down into a narrow rift, where a tiny stream of water made its way in and out among the stones and mossy roots, forming a series of pools.

For there, in the broad, full light of the moon, he could see the face and chest of his adversary; and as he looked the eyes seemed to move and the lips to part.

He tore his gaze from the sight and looked hastily round, but on every hand there were tree trunks, clumps of hazel, piled-up masses of rock and earth crumbling and threatening to fall into one or other of the little streams.

There were gurgling, whispering noises and soft plashings, but only such as the water made; and though once a faint breeze came and rustled the willow leaves, it died away, and, save for the rushing and splashing of the water, all was still.

"Am I going to turn coward now?" said Carleigh to himself, as he glanced quickly round at the dark shadows and glimmering lights cast upon rock and tree. But to him they possessed no beauty. He saw not the velvety blackness of the shadows, nor the metallic, silvery look of the moonbeams on the leaves of hazel and pollard beech. To him then the shadows were spots where watchers might lurk, and the lights so many betrayers of that which he wished to hide.

"Hah!"

It was an involuntary cry from Carleigh, and he started back trembling, and dropping the spade.

For all at once there had been a sudden splash and a beating of the stream, as if the dead man had suddenly revived and was striking the water with his hand in trying to get to the side.

"Bah! It is a trout!" exclaimed Carleigh ashamed of his terror; and, picking up the spade, he went and stood close beside the right body, and gazed round at the broken ferns and bent-down hazels, seeing the scene again as he confronted him, seizing him by the throat when he said he was on sentry to watch over Lady Fanshaw for Sir Harry's sake.

There was where they struggled first; there, among those alders!

That was where he broke away, but stumbled when he had gone a score of yards, and was overtaken, and the struggle began again, and he swore he would go straight to Sir Harry and tell him all.

Then it was all hot struggle and confusion—now up, now down; and both maddened by pain and resistance, and he, Carleigh, by his horror lest Sir Harry should learn the crime against honor, gratitude, and duty to him who had been his second father.

That was where they rolled down into the bed of the tiny stream with its pools, and there, at the bottom, lay the dead!

"It was his life or mine," said Carleigh, as he involuntarily paused, gazing at the staring face. "He had me down beneath the water, and if I had not been the stronger, I should not have been here.

"Bah! what have I done?—killed a man who would have murdered me. I have saved him from being hung. It was a necessity as much as it has been to shoot down niggers in a war."

He stood for a few moments resting upon the spade, and once or twice he struck it into the ground, but only to find resistance in the shape of stones.

He had made his plans before coming, but they could not be carried out, for it was work for pick and axe to dig down there among the roots and rocks. What was he to do?

He hesitated for a few minutes, and then laid the spade aside, stooped down, after a movement of repulsion, and then dragged the body into one of the narrow rifts where the water gurgled through.

Trampling it down savagely, he stopped away, picked up one of the hundreds of fragments of rock that lay about, alive with moss and fern, and placed it gently upon that he wished to hide.

Then another and another, and then he stopped and uttered a cry of joy.

Inspiration had come.

He was standing on the rocky edge of the streamlet that was not above a couple of feet wide. Where he was the edge was not a foot above the water that rushed gurgling by the body; but the other side was an overhanging bank, from which, perhaps for generations, masses of stones and marl had crumbled down and been swept away by the water. It ran up twelve or fifteen feet above his head, with here and there hazel stubbs clinging and ivy trailing, and to look at it was one mass of exposed roots, crumbling earth, and stones.

He did not hesitate for a moment now, but going a little one side, he clambered up the steep bank, reached the top, and forced his way among the rotten hazel stubbs, till he was right over the stream where the body lay.

He paused here and wiped his brow, listening intently; but all was still, and when he held together a few hazel boughs and looked down, he could only dimly see the figure lying beneath him.

Then he stamped, and the earth and stones went down beneath his feet from among the roots in quite a little avalanche.

But that was not what he sought, and, taking hold of one bough that ran up like a pole, he began to sway it to and fro, making the ground quiver beneath his feet.

The trunk that he swayed was four or five feet from the edge, and rose from a mass of half-rotten trunk and root that, acted upon by what was a tremendous lever, threatened to give way at any moment.

So satisfied of this was Carleigh that he slipped back to where he had ascended, and lowering himself, hurried once more to the side of the gap-like bed of the little branch of the stream.

He had done something already, for where the body lay in what was like a rugged, stony grave several great pieces of sandstone had come down, and needed but little manipulation to be rolled over on to the dead man, pressing him lower and lower till the water nearly covered his body.

Carleigh, panting with exertion, left the spot and clambered up again, passed among the hazel stubbs, among whose ruddy stems the moonlight played, and he had once more seized the tall pole when his heart leapt to his throat, for there was a rustling among the ferns and the pattering of feet, just as if dogs had traced out the bones he sought to hide.

For a few moments Carleigh could hardly breathe. Then, realising that it was only one rabbit chasing another through the moonlight-flooded dell, he muttered an oath, and began to sway the great bough to and fro, feeling a strange satisfaction as the earth and stones crumbled down fast.

The noise was loud, but no one was likely to hear it, and he toiled away, feeling that in a short time every trace of his deed would be hidden. The leafy top of the straight pole described an arc larger and larger in the moonlit sky; the stones rattled down beneath him, sometimes to fall dead on earth, sometimes with a splash in water; and he worked on frantically. He saw in imagination the body covered by a hillock of earth and stones, and the water below running more and more muddy as the streamlet was dammed, and would be already beginning to cut for itself a new bed, or cross at once to one of the other silvery streams whose force it would augment.

He was beginning to think that enough had crumbled away from where he stood, and that it would be as well to send more down from the very edge, when, giving a final drag at the bough with all his force, it gave so much that he nearly fell backwards. He saved himself by holding on firmly, when, with one loud crash, there was a rush, and a huge mass of earth and rock around the great hazel stubb gave way and plunged down into the bed of the stream, taking with the slip him who had set it in motion by his frantic toil.

One long piece of undermined bank had given way and dropped in an instant, with its clumps of hazel, bramble, and fern, down below, completely covering with masses of rooted growth the crime of that night—for of the greater portion, and, moistened by the water that would continue to filter through, hardly a leaf would fade. While still to favor him who had toiled so hard, the landslip would cause no wonder, for the stream had gone on undermining there for ages, and much of the picturesqueness of the Wilderness was due to the many falls of earth and rock from the steep high banks. In case after case the gardener had planted a few rhododendrons and roots of fern; nature had done the rest.

Yes, there was the mass of earth and rock, with the tall hazel that had been the lever to set all in motion, silvered by the moonbeams, and above all a new scarped bank of freshly opened earth; while at the upper end the water was gradually rising higher against the dam, till it had gathered sufficient weight, when it burst away through a mass of earth, and began forming a fresh meandering course.

George Carleigh, in his military training, had learned his share of the pioneers' and sappers' business, and had he set a dozen men at work to hide his crime, he could not have produced so natural and effective a result.

But there was one drawback.

He had been dragged down by the rush of earth and stone, and now, flushed, panting, and bathed with sweat, he lay half a dozen feet above his victim, securely pinned by the legs among the rocks and tangled roots.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"SOMETHING DOING HERE!"

FOR quite a quarter of an hour, George Carleigh remained motionless, mentally stunned by the shock.

He believed that his legs were crushed, for, after the first struggle, they had seemed numbed, while the horror of his position robbed him of his strength of mind, and he could do nothing but think of the consequences to follow.

He was helpless, and would remain there till discovered, when probably the object of his toil would be also known. For even if some portion of the body did not still remain uncovered, he could invent no excuse for being out there in the night.

A walk, because he could not sleep?

Why, then, had he not gone out by the door instead of climbing from the window?

And then there was the spade!

Alice, too, would be utterly unnerved by this new horror of him being discovered, maimed and trapped, in so horrible a way. Without all this, she needed his help and strength of mind to keep her from betraying him; now she would give way at once, and all would be discovered.

The agony he suffered was intense, and at last he lay back, with his head amongst the hazel branches, utterly helpless; and once more his position resembled that of some mischievous creature of the kind classed as vermin—trapped in his iniquity, waiting till the keeper should come upon his rounds and show him as an example to all around.

There were moments when Carleigh felt as if suicide were his only resource; but had he possessed the nerve, that means of escaping the punishment which was his due maddened him.

Reaction came at last, the unnerved state passed off, and he began to struggle for his liberty, the tall hazel bough leading him such aid that, by clinging to it with all his strength, he managed at last to tear one leg from its prison, and after a tremendous effort the other, but only to stand barefooted; the patent shoes, socks, and the bottoms of his dress trousers that he had rolled up were torn off, and his feet were bleeding.

The moon shone down full upon the little ravine now, and showed him the futility of his efforts to recover what he had lost. Hours of digging would be required beneath the stones and roots, and he was too much unnerved for that.

"Another time," he muttered, and he crept down to examine the slip, and see if his adversary were completely hidden.

There was no doubt of that, and though he stooped and picked up stone after stone to deposit them in places of vantage, he soon gave over, fully convinced that he could do no more than leave all as it was.

"I can come at different times and plant things there," he thought; and now, with a feeling of confidence, he gave one final glance round and crept to where he could sit down on a block of stone and lave his mutilled hands and earthy, bleeding feet.

This done, he crept to another place, and lay down to drink with avidity of the cold, clear water, which seemed to clear his brain and give him more strength of mind.

What time would it be? He could not tell, but his task was done; and, with a feeling of dread beginning to assail him now that he might be seen by some keeper,

he crept out of the dell, crossed the bridge, and then, breathing hard, went on from bush to bush, and beneath the shadowy trees, till he was level with the house. Then darting across a patch of moonlight, he threaded his way through the shrubs, reached the trellis beneath his window, climbed up, and reached his room in safety; remembering for the first time the brandy of which he had drunk deeply before starting and placed upon the window-sill.

It was not there! He could not have taken it, for he had never drunk of it once, and it was not in his pocket.

A cold sweat gathered over his forehead. He must have let it fall there—down in the wood.

He struck a match and held it by the face of his watch. Half-past three.

"Time to find it," he muttered; but directly after he realized the hopelessness of such a search, and gave it up.

"I must find it in the morning," he said, and lighting a candle he was about to divest himself of his wet, torn garments and hide them in the drawer, when another thought struck him, and with it came the same cold deathly sweat to bedew his face.

There was the spade!

He dared not leave the tool to be seen. At all costs, he must get that, and return it to the toolhouse; and, cursing his forgetfulness, he extinguished his candle, gazed anxiously from the open window at the signs of the coming day, and once more lowered himself down and stole back—shivering now with an indescribable feeling of dread—to the Wilderness.

Every moment was precious now, and yet he shrank from approaching the scene of his night's work; but go he must—find that spade he must; and mustering his repugnance he crossed the bridge and went down the path to where he fancied he had laid the tool.

No; it was not there.

His mind was in such a whirl that he could think of nothing clearly; and the more he essayed to recall everything the more he seemed to grow confused.

The flask, too. There was no sign of that, and the day was breaking.

He searched again, hurrying barefoot about in every direction, till, in utter despair from the knowledge that it would soon be day, and he, perhaps, seen by keeper or gardener in this pitiable state, he had to give up the search and once more return to the house.

He did not neglect a single one of his tactics, and he was stealing along from bush to bush on his way to the grounds, and parallel with the house, when Samuel Burton, who had risen early, and followed by Bess, was on his way to visit certain traps, caught sight of the figure creeping from bush to bush, and making apparently for the lower wood, where there was a path leading through to the road from which the nearest village could be reached.

"That'll do," said Burton. "That's the quickest way for Brackley, mum, and I'll be down there ready for thee when thou come. Here, Bess!"

He drew back among the trees, and as soon as he was far enough he set off at a trot to cut off the poacher's retreat.

But Samuel Burton's plan did not succeed, for Carleigh had suddenly struck off in the very last direction Burton would have thought least likely—towards the house. Long before the keeper had grown impatient his quarry was back in his room, removing all traces of his nocturnal work, and listening to the pattering of a few heavy drops of rain, which soon increased to a sharp downpour that lasted till eight o'clock swelling the little streamlets down in the Wilderness. For the river rose fast, and the water was discolored, washing out marty soil, sweeping down twigs, and thoroughly obliterating footprints and marks of struggles; while, as Burton returned through the little dell, and stopped short in front of the newly scarped bank, he gave his head a scratch, and made the cutest remark—

"Well, I always thought that bit would come down first heavy rain. Job for Master Macpherson to plant, and—what's that?"

He had caught sight of something shining, half covered by the rushing water, and, stooping down, he drew out a silver-mounted, leather-covered flask, with a crest on the cap.

"The Captain's!" he exclaimed, "and nearly full."

He was walking on when his foot caught against something which nearly threw him down, and there lying amongst the ferns and newly-fallen earth was about a foot of the handle of a spade, the rest being buried beneath the earth and rock.

Burton looked at the spade, and then looked round thoughtfully.

"There's been something doing here," he said to himself. "Did that bare-legged chap have anything to do with that?"

He stooped down to pick up the spade and drag it out, but snatched his hands away.

"No," he said, "I'll leave that, and see who fetches it. No business of mine?" he continued, fiercely, addressing an invisible objector. "Everything that goes on outside the garden's business of mine; else how would there be plenty of peasants in the copses and a sight o' grouse away up on the moor? I'm going to see why that spade come there, and—hallo! not quite washed away by the rain, bare footmarks! Then there is something up, and that barefooted chap was down here in the night.

"What did he want down here?" he added, after a pause.

"Well, we shall see!"

And Burton left the spade half buried and went off into the wood, just as the sun came out brightly once again, and made the rain-drops glitter like diamonds on every spray.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GONE.

"WHAT a glorious morning after the rain!" said Sir Harry, shaking hands warmly with his brother. "I don't know when I've seen it come down so hard for a little while."

"Not since we were in the monsoons, eh, Harry? Well, blossom, and how are you?" continued Sir Robert. "Why, hey-day! how fierce we look!"

"Don't tease, uncle, dear. I've got a headache."

"Poor little pet," he said, kissing her; and, as he did so, he whispered, "Ah! Judy, Judy, is it the head?"

She escaped from him and ran to Lady Fanshaw's side as, pale and red eyed, her cousin entered the room.

"Why, Alice!" she began.

"Don't take any notice of me," whispered Lady Fanshaw, "I shall be better soon."

"Ah, George!" cried Sir Harry, "why you look as cool as if you were in India. Cricketing flannels?"

"Well, no, sir; I had them made for wear out in the Cape. They're very comfortable."

"Capital!" said Sir Robert, looking up at the cool, easy suit. "You young fellows have the best of it. When we were young, men never wore those comfortable free-and-easy suits. It was all stiff stock, high collar, beaver hat, and buckram. Range down?"

Lady Fanshaw's eyes contracted, and Carleigh watched her; but she went calmly to the head of the table and took her place, looking delicate and very gracefully beautiful in her creamy morning dress.

"No, not seen him yet," said Sir Harry. "sure to have been down hours and out somewhere."

"Reads a great deal in the open air, doesn't he?" said Carleigh, coolly opening a newspaper.

"Yes, I think so," said Sir Robert. "Can't you persuade him to stay a little longer, Alice, my dear?"

Lady Fanshaw looked up at him in a frightened way, but composed herself on the instant, and turned to Sir Harry.

"Shall I, shall we——?"

She could say no more, but stopped short gazing helplessly at her husband.

"Ask Range to stay? To be sure, my dear; but it must come from you. Get Judith there to help you, and between you I think you can win him over."

Sir Harry walked to the window, where the head gardener was busy tying up some flowers, for, by an odd coincidence, there was always something required doing in full sight of the windows—three times a day, to wit, about breakfast, lunch, and dinner hours.

"Well, Macpherson, you ought to be a happy man," those within the dining-room heard Sir Harry say.

"Yes, Sir Harry."

"Just the rain you wanted, eh?"

"Yes, Sir Harry; but it's better doon my floowers verra sadly; and they a' coovered wi' durrut and sair splashed and torn."

"Others will soon come," said Sir Harry. "Give me that creamy rosebud," he continued, pointing to a lovely Gloire de Dijon which the gardener cut with a great deal of ostentation, and handed to his master.

"The rain coom doon, Sir Harry, in a flood fra' the hills, and the wee bit burnies doon in the wilder ha' overroon, and there'll be days o' worruk to get it reet again."

"But the rain will do good," said Sir Harry; and Carleigh held his paper before his face and closed his eyes.

"I am theinken so, Sir Harry. There's bin a bit slip, and tons o' airth ha' fa'en and blookit up ane o' the wee burruns."

The newspaper in Carleigh's hands gave forth a crisp rustling noise as his hands tightened upon it, and in his intense eagerness he listened to the next words.

"I'll come down and look at it by-and-by, Macpherson," said Sir Harry, quietly; and Carleigh's brow contracted as he saw the General come slowly back with the rain-dropped rose to offer it to his wife, who raised her eyes to his with a frightened, pathetic look, took the flower, and, with trembling fingers, fastened it in her bosom.

"Harry, I'm starving!" cried Sir Robert. "I wish you'd change your custom here and let people breakfast when they like. I don't see why we should wait for that rude transatlantic cad."

Judith cast an indignant glance at him that was a very peculiar arrow, and the old gentleman chuckled.

"I said cad, madam!" he exclaimed. "Would you prefer Yankee?"

"Uncle!" cried Judith, indignantly. "Alice how can you allow your guests to be spoken of like that?"

"Uncle Robert is privileged," said Lady Fanshaw, with a faint smile.

Just then Joseph entered, for Sir Harry had crossed to the fireplace and rung the bell.

"Prayers," said Sir Harry, quietly; and the large staff of servants who were in waiting entered and took their places in a row by the chairs against the wall.

Then Sir Robert read a portion of the morning lesson, and Sir Harry a short, simple prayer, in a low, earnest voice, pausing and letting his voice grow even deeper as he came to words alluding to the blessings, the peace, and the freedom from earthly care that they all enjoyed.

And as he went on poor Judith was furtively dropping a tear or two into her handkerchief—tears of disappointment, mingled with something like dread she knew not of what.

Carleigh kneeled, with his teeth set and his brow knit, trying to deafen his ears against the words of the prayer as he called himself hypocrite, and wished that he had not come down so soon.

Lady Fanshaw knelt there, holding her burning forehead with both her hands, stunned and helpless, her only thought being expressed in the word—"How dare I pray!"

And all the while Sir Harry's calm, pleasant voice went on to the end of the prayer, which was mentally supplemented by Robert, who said, as he always did—

"And thank God for bringing me and my brother safely through all our perils of battle and siege. Amen."

Then there was a general rustling noise as all rose, the servants filed out, and Sir Harry said—

"Is Mr. Range in his room?"

"I don't know, Sir Harry," replied Josephs. "I'll see."

"Has he been out?"

"Mr. Range generally goes out for an early walk, Sir Harry."

"Go and ask him, with my compliments, whether we shall wait breakfast."

The butler bowed and withdrew.

"Yes, my dears, you must not let him go," continued Sir Harry, thoughtfully. "I'm afraid he is piqued about something."

Sir Robert looked at Judith, and she darted back a defiant glance, which made the old gentleman pretend to shrink away in dread.

Carleigh kept the paper before his face, and Lady Fanshaw sat as if of stone.

"Anything fresh, George?" said Sir Harry.

"Row in the House about Turkish Bonds," said Carleigh, coolly. "Nothing particular."

The door unclosed once more and the butler entered.

"Mr. Range is not in his room, Sir Harry!"

CHAPTER XXV.

DISLOYAL PLANS.

"NOT come back?"

"He did not come back last night, Sir Harry," replied the butler.

"Did not come back last night!"

"No, Sir Harry, I think not. The bed is untouched, and his portmanteau packed, all but his dress suit, Sir Harry."

"It is very strange!"

"He told Frederick, Sir Harry, yesterday evening, I find, that he was to close up the portmanteau and send it to the station, for he was going away. There's an address label on already, Sir Harry—the 'Grand Hotel.'"

"We will have breakfast, my dear," said Sir Harry, quietly; and he took his place, while Lady Fanshaw bent towards the urn, and Carleigh threw down the paper, saying, smilingly—

"That's right, I'm just dying for a cup of tea."

He looked full at Lady Fanshaw, who went on pouring out the tea, mechanically, feeling the while as if she were in a dream, and this terrible horror must be set aside by her waking.

Sir Robert looked angrily at Judith, but she avoided his gaze, and went on with her breakfast—very pale and quiet, but firm, and determined to show no sign of the pain she suffered. She even forced herself to eat and drink, though every morsel seemed as if it would choke her, and joined in the general conversation at the table, eating and speaking as if to ignore the incident of Range's sudden departure.

No further allusion was made to it till the breakfast was at an end, when, as they rose, Sir Harry said, quickly—

"I think it would have been more gentlemanly if he had bidden us all good-bye."

Carleigh moved to intercept Lady Fanshaw as she rose, but she glided by him without seeming aware of his presence, and left the room.

Sir Harry, who was evidently annoyed, walked out into the garden, Carleigh's eyes following him as he took the direction of the Wilderness, and then, after seeming to have a battle with himself, he followed.

Judith had been sitting very still and thoughtful, and now she, too, rose to leave the room; but Sir Robert, who had been watching, made her start by shouting—

"Halt!"

"Uncle!"

"I said, '*Halt!*' Here, young lady, I want a word with you!"

"Shall we go into the library, uncle?" said Judith, quietly.

"Well, perhaps it would be better," replied Sir Robert. "Servants coming in to clear away, and that sort of thing. Come along."

The grey-haired, fierce-looking old fellow stalked on before his niece as if he were escorting a prisoner, and as soon as they were in the great gloomy library he seated himself behind a writing-table.

Judith looked at him, and the tears started to her eyes as she recalled the fact that two days before she had come into this room and found Range seated in that very place, busily writing a letter, which he had left to go out and play lawn tennis with her, and sit down under a tree and talk about the hot season out in Malaypore instead.

"Now, then, young lady," said Sir Robert, "court-martial. I think I'll call in a colleague."

"No, no, no!" cried Judith.

"I was not going to select George Carleigh, madam," said Sir Robert, sarcastically, "but General Sir Harry Fanshaw, to help me sit upon this important case. His opinions are opposed to mine, so that it would be all the more impartial for the prisoner."

"Am I the prisoner, uncle, dear?"

"Of course you are. Do you suppose I am? No, of course you do not, and you don't want a prejudiced judgment. Go and call your uncle back."

"Please no, uncle, dear; I'd rather be tried by you."

"Very well—there, keep away. I don't want to be kissed and cuddled by an ugly, wilful, obstinate girl. Sit down, miss, and hear what I've got to say."

"Yes, uncle," said Judith, with assumed meekness; and she sat down, keeping herself very upright.

"Well, in the first place, introductory, preparatory, and by way of prologue, I'm going to send a special messenger over to Brackley for the police to come and see if any harm had befallen Arthur Lincoln Range, your uncle's guest. What do you think of that?"

"That it would be very foolish, uncle, for no harm has come to Mr. Range."

"Trapped into a confession!" cried Sir Robert, giving the table a thump. "Then you know all about it?"

Judith shook her head, and the soft golden, flowing hair seemed full of flashes of light.

"Ah, fibs, fibs, fibs!" cried Sir Robert.

"I did not tell a fib!" cried Judith. "I only know that Mr. Range said yesterday that he was going away, and I'm very glad he has gone."

Judith spoke in a hurried, passionate tone, but checked herself as she saw a curious look in her uncle's eye.

"Well, all I can say," exclaimed Sir Robert, "is, that if he has gone off in this ungentlemanly, shabby manner, after the way in which we treated him, he is a mean, contemptible Yankee humbug!"

"Uncle! How can you?" cried Judith.

"How can I? Why, you don't care anything about him, and you're glad he has gone!"

"I don't think you ought to speak of Mr. Range like that," cried Judith. "I'm sure he would not be guilty of anything shabby or mean."

"But he has gone off all at once like this. Or, no—as you say, he would not do anything shabby or mean. There is something wrong, and I'll communicate with the police."

"Oh, uncle!"

"He has tumbled down a well, or been shot by a poacher."

"Uncle!"

"Or been burked because he so rich."

"Uncle!"

"Or quarrelled with some Yankee, and they've been settling it with revolvers and bowie knives."

"Uncle!"

"And Arthur Range has been lying somewhere in the woods shouting '*doctor*' all night, when there was no doctor to come."

"Uncle, dear, do you wish to send me to my room to cry all the morning?"

"Ah! I'd better send for the police."

"You are determined to make me cry, uncle, and I will not," said Judith, with a stamp of the foot.

"That's it!" he cried; "that's it! the cat's out of the bag; I can see it all now."

"I don't know what you mean, uncle."

"Then I'll tell you. "It's the temper of coquettish obstinacy. You've been behaving badly to the poor fellow and driven him away."

Judith's lips parted.

"Ah! don't deny it, miss! I know."

Poor Judith was not going to deny it. Her lips had parted, but no words would come; and she sat there looking blankly at her uncle, with the tears standing thickly in her eyes.

"And you are not sorry for it, miss?"

No answer.

"Now, come here. I've done court-martialing, my dear. I'm going to play dad now. Come and kneel down."

Judith rose and threw herself upon her knees before the old man, who took her to his heart, laid her cheek upon his shoulder, and began patting her cheek and stroking her soft hair.

"Bless you!" he said, softly, "how like you are to sister Judy! There, tell your old uncle all about it."

There was a bit of a sob here, and Judith nestled closer to him.

"Now, then, cross-examination by the Judge," said Sir Robert.

"I thought the court-martial was over," said Judith, with a faint smile.

"Begun again," said Sir Robert, "with judge feeling a fatherly yearning towards the pretty little prisoner, who is going to tell him all about it."

There was a halt here to enable Judith to kiss the old man and nestle down again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CASH AND CREDIT.—People who buy for cash always buy more closely and select more carefully. Purchases which are paid for when they are made, are limited more exactly to the purchaser's wants. There is nothing like having to count the money out when the article is bought to make people economical. The amount of indebtedness incurred is not much considered when the pay-day is far off. Persons who do all their business on a cash basis know just where they stand and what they can afford; those who deal on credit find occasions for regretting in a turn of times, that they have indulged in this luxury or that, which they would have foregone had they seen what was coming. Real wants are few, and can be gratified for cash: at all events, they should be limited to what can be paid for in cash. How much of anxiety, how many sleepless hours, how many heart-burnings, disappointments and regrets, would be avoided if this rule were always strictly adhered to.

A RETROSPECT.

BY ELEANOR HASH.

Only an evening long ago,
When the maple was turning red—
Only a small hand soft and white,
And words better far unsaid.
Nigh twenty years have gone, sweetheart,
While I prayed for one sweet "Yes,"
And the clematis tendrils held you fast
In a tender firm caress.

Up on the hill a glow of light
From the chancel window-pane;
But never a Sabbath evening more
Could you and I meet again.
Nigh twenty years ago, sweetheart,
Since, alone by yourself—and God—
I left you there in the little church,
And wept as I homeward trod.

Mist on the mountain coming down,
Dew on the rose's breast,
Sobs in the evening hymn I heard,
But the dead—the dead can rest.
Nigh twenty years ago, sweetheart—
I wonder do you forget
The sad good-bye at the wicket-gate,
The perfume of mignonnette?

Only the thistle-down fickle, fair,
Blew across hill and moor,
Telling my secret far and wide,
Whisp'ring it o'er and o'er.
Nigh twenty years ago, sweetheart,
And those words are still unsaid;
But you are safe in the village church—
Ah, sweetheart, sweetheart—dead!

A GIRL'S FOLLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC

CHAPTER IV.

"TAKE care, Captain Danvers; you will have us on that sandbank. Pray, who said you could steer?"

"I said so myself," was Danvers's quiet answer as he looked away at the dull gray water to avoid meeting the witchery of Marguerite Daly's violet eyes. All the afternoon he had been trying to escape from those slow penetrating glances, and wishing himself out of reach of that light gay voice. He had no mind to be included among Miss Daly's admirers. In the early part of the afternoon, half prompted by this feeling, half induced by the real interest she had aroused in him, he made two attempts to keep near Lucy; but his intention was frustrated in the first instance by Raeburn, who placed himself beside her immediately after lunch, and then by Major Pemberton, to whom he condescended to hint his wish to drive Mrs. Bishop and Lucy to the ghat when he found they were to go together in one of the dog-carts. For two reasons, which seemed highly satisfactory to his own mind, the cantonment magistrate thought proper to ignore the hint and reserve that pleasure for himself. Danvers was requested instead, with the coolest good-humored congratulation on his happy fate, to escort Mrs. Meredith, another lady, and Marguerite Daly. The fact was, Pemberton wished to have as much of his old love, Kate Bishop's company as possible, notwithstanding that he was a married man, with his wife and six children in England; besides which, after his observations of the previous night, he did not think it well for "young Danvers" to be unnecessarily thrust in the way of the "little minnie." For a man of Danvers's family and prospects, the danger of drifting into an entanglement with a "chit" like Lucy Henniker was not to be allowed; and he reflected with satisfaction how, when he went home with that letter of introduction to Lady Julia in his pocket, which he meant to procure, he should give her ladyship to understand, by appropriate hints, that he had been serviceable in guarding her son. As to Marguerite Daly, it was quite another affair; she was sufficiently of his own monde to make interference unnecessary.

Thus it happened that Miss Daly had an admirable chance of improving her acquaintance with the person she most wished to know of all present, and poor Lucy had the less enjoyable opportunity of watching, as she drove close behind, the graceful ease with which the new comer chatted in the front seat of Mrs. Meredith's carriage with Captain Danvers. That a little dulness overshadowed Lucy's sweet expression when they embarked was, therefore, as natural as that Marguerite's charm of manner should be enhanced by her good spirits. It availed nothing as far as Lucy was concerned that Raeburn reserved a place for himself close beside her. She had neither eyes nor ears for him, alas, with Danvers facing her in the stern and Marguerite toying with an oar immediately in front of him, possessed of the fullest opportunity of claiming his attention. Lucy, simple as she was, felt that Marguerite was dangerous, and a gnawing dread replaced the sweet dawn of joy that had filled her heart the night before. To be sure, there was something in the unconcern of Danver's air when he listened to Miss Daly's remarks, or replied to them, that ought to have reassured her. How different it was from the kindness and softness he had shown to herself! But her fine instincts would not allow her to escape the suggestion that this cold indifference was assumed as an armor of defence, and was by no means the outcome of lack of interest.

She was very soon to have some outward indications of the justice of her instinctive suspicion.

After that reproof to the helmsman, Miss Daly had been silent for some minutes; at last she said, with a little pout of her charming mouth, as she held out her oar to Danvers, "Pray relieve me. I am tired of rowing." And Lucy saw, with a sudden shock of pain, a soft gleam from those heavily-lidded eyes into Danver's own.

"Is that a ruse to deliver you from my incompetency?" he asked, smiling at her for the first time.

"You admit you are incapable in your present post?"

"I admit that my attention wavered for a moment."

"Quite so. You are not fit to steer," replied Marguerite, with fascinating insolence. There was subtle flattery in the freedom she assumed, to which no young man could have been insensible.

Danvers felt he would like to look at her again as they changed places. Really the girl was not, after all, of an ordinary type of fast girl. He had been perhaps a little unjust to her in his thoughts. She had certainly a very uncommon kind of attractiveness. Poor little Miss Henniker, whom he had thought so engaging last night, looked baby-faced and spiritless beside her. And, now that he noticed it, she was overdressed—alas, Mrs. Meredith!—a fault in taste which contrasted emphatically with the careless grace of Miss Daly's shabby clothes. He must hear this seductive creature speak again. Her voice was so light, so gay, like the care-free notes of a happy bird.

It was Mrs. Meredith, however, who spoke next. Her eyes were as clever as Lucy's instincts, and she was not quite relishing the turn things were taking.

"What are you going to do with yourself all this hot weather, Captain Danvers?"

"I?" answered Danvers, hastily waking up from his reflection. "I think of going to—Mussoorie."

Mrs. Meredith looked at him narrowly.

"Is this a sudden resolution?" she asked.

"I can hardly call it a resolution yet. But there will be no difficulty about leave, and I may as well be in a cool climate when all is quiet. Next year we might have an Afghan war, or try our fate with Russia. The soldier must make holiday when he can."

"Do you like the life of a soldier?" asked Marguerite, with a sudden change of manner. The moment before she had been leaning backwards and laughing merrily with Irving Wood. Now there was a grave sweet look on her face that impressed Danvers.

"It was my choice," he said quietly; "and I shall be fully content when my sword has done active service for my country."

"And won yourself renown," added Marguerite, with a low playful laugh, and a glance at him, which could only mean admiration.

"Yes," answered Danvers simply; "I don't despise the fame of a brave soldier."

"May you win it!" said Marguerite, with sudden enthusiasm.

Danvers bowed, and and a slight flush passed over his handsome features.

The boat had now been turned, and was gliding swiftly homewards. Oars were no longer needed, so strong was the current, and Danvers, leaning on his, with his hat off, showing the full beauty of his grave fine face, looked indeed a hero, fit to win distinction and to wear it. Marguerite felt not a little regret at the prospect of soon reaching the ghat, when she could no longer hope to be so luxuriously placed as to unavoidably contemplate those attractive features. It was so beautiful, too, on the water, that, for this reason alone, she would have gladly prolonged by many miles their brief voyage. Sunset tints of saffron and crimson glorified into temporary fairness the muddy monotony of the distant shores of Oude, and turned the gray of the river into hues of violet and gold; while the fringed banks of Rohilcund, close past which they rapidly drifted, were sunk in the cool shadows of evening. Irving Wood sang a love-song, which was followed by a quartette and chorus. Danvers was passionately fond of music, and his quick ear soon detected in the latter, notes of a soprano voice trilling clear and full above all the rest. He knew it must be Lucy's; for not even Mrs. Meredith's admirable voice was equal to such exquisite tones as these. The additional charm the influence of music brought to the enjoyment of the hour made him, like Marguerite, feel little pleased when the marble steps of the Rajah Ghat met his eye; but he was the first to land all the same, and help the ladies out. As he held Lucy's hand, he said, with a friendly smile, "You do not know how much pleasure it has given me to hear you sing, Miss Henniker, though only among so many other voices; it was easy to distinguish yours from them all." Yet a moment after it was Miss Daly's side he sought, a fact which Lucy noted with sufficient pain.

The Rajah Ghat was so called from having been originally the private bathing-place of a native prince, the imposing remains of whose dwelling still adorned the large inclosure called the Rajah Bagh, or "Prince's Garden," on the bank above. Here on the chibootar, or stone terrace, from which a splendid view of the river on one side, and the gardens and ruined palace on the other, could be enjoyed, Mrs. Meredith had prepared a welcome surprise for the party in the shape of tea, temptingly laid out amid a profusion of flower. It was all the pleasanter that there were no chairs, since their absence gave excuse for strolling and sitting apart on the fragments of masonry which lay scattered about. Among the strollers were Danvers and Marguerite. At first they had moved but a short distance from the little circle round Mrs. Meredith, and stood, cup in hand, watching the full moon slowly appearing above the blue-veiled plains of Oude, and sending her first long shafts of golden light on the tremulous river. Danvers was telling her the history of the traiterous prince who had once owned this favored spot, and had staked all against the British in mutiny, and lost. Upon this Marguerite expressed herself anxious to see the entire bagh, and they went from the others through orange groves, and orchards stocked with custard-apples and pomegranates, and the usual varieties of Eastern fruits. In one corner stood the well, with its patient bullocks hard at work. Very pleasantly, in the dry warmth of the closing Indian day, sounded the gurgle of the water, as, jerked by the melee out of the huge skin in which it was drawn to the surface, it flowed off into countless little artificial channels to refresh those acres of thirsty roots, sending up, too, a nutty aroma from the grateful earth to blend with the rich scents of the garden. Soon the brilliant moonlight flooded everything; and then they heard Major Pemberton calling to them to get ready to start homewards, as they sauntered in a sort of happy dream through the deserted walks. They no longer felt like strangers. Sympathy of thought and feeling for the moment, and that delicious sense of fit companionship which equality in youth and beauty gave them, made the short hours they had spent together seem informed with the knowledge of happy years. And how was Lucy faring meanwhile? She, too, had been inclined to explore the garden, but had retired precipitately to a seat on the low crumbling parapet that surmounted the precipitous bank of the river, to be within the shelter of Mrs. Meredith's presence, when she found Raeburn and Irving Wood determined to accompany her. And from this somewhat elevated position, poor girl, she commanded a more extensive view than conduced to her happiness; for, from time to time, within her range of vision, Miss Daly's blue skirt flitted through the trees, with a well-known figure beside her. Lucy was mortified to a cruel degree by the unwarranted feeling that lodged within her breast, which made this new devotion of Danvers such bitter pain to her. If only Henry, who had joined them here, would call for his buggy and drive her home, that she might be alone to grapple with her misery, which she was clear-seeing enough to believe circumstances and her reason would in time enable her to control! Danvers, she had just heard was going to the hills. Mrs. Meredith, too, would be away during the long hot weather; and with no one to remind her of the acute experience of joy and pain which she had touched, with Hal's comfort to think of, her songs to sing, and abundance of books at her command, surely she should learn to forget.

"I wonder what you will think of the hot weather, Miss Henniker?" said Raeburn, who had chosen to remain near Mrs. Meredith, too. "I am afraid you will find it horribly dull, especially as so many of the other ladies are going to the hills this year."

"I don't intend to be dull," said Lucy bravely; "I mean to be very busy, and then I am looking forward to seeing more of my brother than I do now."

"It is really immensely jolly that you are not going away."

"Don't congratulate yourself too soon, my dear Mr. Raeburn," said Mrs. Meredith, who had one ear open for their conversation, while she listened to her husband and Mr. Henniker with the other. "Miss Henniker must not remain at Gurmalabad all the hot weather. I shall expect her brother to spare her to me."

"O Mrs. Meredith, no; I—I—could not leave Hal," almost gasped Lucy, overcome by a vivid presentation of the painful possibilities which the acceptance of such a proposal would open out: daily contact with Danvers, perhaps increased intimacy with Marguerite, to say nothing of having to endure Mrs. Meredith's too active powers of observation.

"Hal will be all the happier to be spared the sacrifice of your fresh looks for another year, and you will be a solace to me in my grass widowhood."

"But, indeed, indeed, I cannot go."

"But, indeed, indeed, you shall. What would become of you down here? You would be moped to death, devoured by flies and mosquitoes, and completely washed out by the heat."

"You are quite right, Mrs. Meredith," said Raeburn slowly, as if considering the question from different aspects. "Miss Henniker must go to the hills, though we shall all be inconsolable."

"But you will run up, I hope, and see us; there will not be much doing, perhaps, and the collector can surely spare you for ten days or so," said Mrs. Meredith graciously.

"Yes, I might manage a few days at Mussoorie by-and-by," replied Raeburn, brightening.

"Then you will come to me, and you shall do just as you like, and be quite as free as though you lived at the club."

"I shall not wish to be free if I am with you," said Raeburn, delighted, and glancing at Lucy as he spoke. "Any limitations you and Miss Henniker may choose to impose will be more welcome than freedom."

"There is no doubt about him," thought Mrs. Meredith to herself: "and she will be a lucky girl; but I am afraid Danvers is the favorite. Ah, there are the carriages coming round," she exclaimed aloud, "and Major Pemberton is signalling to us. It is hard to leave this blissful beauty, but I suppose we must go."

"We shall have a glorious drive home in the moonlight," remarked Raeburn cheerfully, as he handed them in. "Good-night."

CHAPTER V.

IT was June—that terrible month in the plains of India, that delightful season in Himalayan regions. Lucy Henniker stood one morning in the verandah of Mrs. Meredith's house at Mussoorie, gazing down the rocky face of the spur on which the little abode was built into the green silent valley far below, that looked so tempting and so distant. A lovely purple mist filled its hollows, contrasting exquisitely in color with the splendor of its sunlit ridges, while at the bottom an observant eye could detect here and there in the depth of mingling hues the white flash of a stream. She had never seen anything in Nature that delighted her more than this enchanting valley. Every morning she came out to feast her eyes on its dreamy beauty, preferring this circumscribed view to the Dhoon Valley itself, which lay beyond in all its famed variety of texture and color.

"Lucy, dear, you are moping again," said her kind hostess, stepping out from the room behind. "I wish you would let me take you to the reunion to-morrow night. You have been in mourning two months now; there really could be no impropriety at this distance from England in attending these informal dances."

Lucy shook her head, and her eyes filled with tears. Her looks had changed a good deal. She was thinner, and there was an expression of sadness about her sweet mouth and blue eyes that was often touching. A week after that memorable day when Marguerite Daly had come to Gurmalabad a heavy blow had fallen, by her father's sudden death, a calamity to his family in England which Lucy could only too well understand. Apart from the natural sorrow she felt at the loss of a loved parent, there was a woeful pressure of feeling because of the dire poverty into which this sad event had thrown her mother and the rest. And poor Hal! What a burden it laid on him. Nooly had become to their aid, but he was only an assistant magistrate yet, and having hampered himself with her required all his income to keep up his increased establishment. It was dreadfully hard on Hal. And she, Lucy, was to be kept in idleness and fine dresses, while all the others were straining every nerve for the general cause. Before leaving for Mussoorie she had seen one morning an advertisement in the *Pioneer* requiring an English governess for a family at Pondicherry, and had seriously asked her brother to let her apply for the place; this had made Hal really angry, so that she never dared again broach the subject of earning her own livelihood. Henniker laughed as he rode to Kutcherry that morning at the thought of his pretty sister going as governess to Pondicherry, when George Raeburn, one of the cleverest young men in the North-west, with an excellent position and a thousand a year was ready to throw himself at her feet. Lucy's simplicity was really amusing.

"I wonder how you and Reginald Danvers will get on," said Mrs. Meredith, slipping her arm round her young friend's waist and looking with some anxiety in her face. "Have you forgotten he is to arrive this afternoon?"

"No," answered Lucy steadily, "I have not forgotten; but may I be out when he comes? I want very much to go down into that glen to look for ferns."

"You foolish child, when will you understand that it is absolutely dangerous to go prowling about in those lonely places? Why, only this minute my bearer told me that Mrs. Rousel's terrier was carried off from her door last night, and they found a leopard's footmarks in the garden this morning. Have out your pony and go for a canter instead; my cousin Jim is always ready to be your escort, and you will come bright and refreshed to entertain us in the evening."

"I am always troubling Colonel Rousel to take me out," murmured Lucy dissentingly.

At this moment a servant appeared with a note for Mrs. Meredith, who glanced over it and exclaimed, "What do you say to this? But—there, read the chit for yourself."

"Grass Vale, Mussoorie, June 23d.

"DEAR MRS. MEREDITH:—I am writing in the hope that you will be able to persuade Miss Henniker to join a little party I am giving this evening to welcome our friend Major Riley, who came up yesterday from Simla. One or two young people will dine quietly with us at half-past seven, and Marguerite thinks we can have a little dance in the drawing-room afterwards. She is very anxious to have dear Miss Henniker if she will only consent to come to us. If, as I hope, she will do so, Marguerite will call for her at three, as she is going on her pony then as far as the Fentons, and can easily extend her ride to your house; they could then canter back here together, in which case, perhaps, you will kindly send Miss Henniker's things for the evening by one of her men—With our kindest regards to you both, yours sincerely,

"KATE BISHOP.

"P.S.—I shall arrange to send Miss Henniker home under safe escort.—K. B."

"Well," asked Mrs. Meredith, "what does Lucy say?"

"I will go," was the quiet answer.

"But the dancing, dear—shall you mind that?"

As Danvers was coming would it not be better for Lucy to decline? Mrs. Meredith had not yet given up all hope of Danvers, though she more than feared he would renew his admiration of Miss Daly, which, from all accounts, had reached a considerable height during May, when he had been in the hills. Of the correctness of these reports Mrs. Meredith had been unable to judge from personal observation owing to a severe sprain, which kept her to the house for the first five weeks of her stay in Mussoorie. Just at the time Lucy joined her, two officers of Danvers's regiment fell ill, which obliged him to return to Gurmikbad; but he had written soon after his arrival there to tell Mrs. Meredith that he would not be detained in the Plains beyond the 1st July, from which date he had secured rooms at the club. Now, on the strength of a general invitation from her, he had offered himself as her guest for a week beforehand until his quarters at the club were available. There was something unlike Danvers's usual reserve in this, and Mrs. Meredith could not but surmise that he had some special object in view in hastening his arrival. Was that object Miss Daly? or was it—could it be Lucy, whom he knew was her guest?

"I believe you would rather decline, Lucy and stay quietly with us. Do so by all means, if you prefer it, and perhaps next week you will feel able to accept some invitations."

"I would rather go," said Lucy, with decision, "if you think it's right I should. Mrs. Bishop has asked me so often I do not wish to refuse another time."

"But who will entertain Captain Danvers?"

"Colonel Rousel will," said Lucy calmly, but with rising color; "and you, I know, will not be dull with Mrs. Rousel to talk to you. I had better go."

"Very well; I will write an acceptance, and you can begin your preparations at once."

Danvers was expected at three o'clock, the hour when Miss Daly was to call, and Lucy, foreseeing an unnecessary trial to herself in meeting him for the first time in Marguerite's presence, determined to start at a quarter to three, and intercept Miss Daly as she left the Fentons. She went round to the stables ten minutes before the time to superintend the saddling of her pony, and just then Danvers rode up to the verandah. Lucy heard the deep baying of his favorite staghound, the tramp of a horse's hoofs on the gravel, and, drawing correct conclusions therefrom, hastily mounted her pony and hurried away by the back entrance, intending to reach the Fentons by a short detour. In this way she missed Marguerite, who, finding her friends out, arrived at Mrs. Meredith's before the appointed time. Danvers, rather travel soiled, was standing caressing his tired pony and exchanging friendly speeches with his hostess, who had stepped into the verandah to welcome him when Miss Daly cantered up, looking a charming picture of unworn youth and grace. He turned with a start when he saw her, and Marguerite's gay face became suddenly grave as she held out her hand.

"I did not expect to see you so soon again," she said, in her light sweet voice.

"Yes: I have come before my time," answered Danvers, bestowing on her a serious scrutinizing glance. "I found by making an effort it was possible to get away a week earlier." Then he added with slow emphasis, "And you know I am glad to be here."

Marguerite made no answer. A shadow seemed to fall on her bright face for a moment as she turned and asked Mrs. Meredith where Lucy was. Then, gracefully waving her hand to both, she wheeled her pony round and rode quickly away.

About an hour afterwards Danvers—all trace of fatigue gone—was sitting with Mrs. Meredith in the verandah, where the warm beams of the sun were striking brilliantly on the rich glow of pelargoniums which lined the walls, when Colonel Rousel stepped across from the neighboring chalet to welcome the new-comer in the absence of the judge, and drink afternoon tea with his cousin.

"And where is my favorite Lucy?" he asked presently, when he had inquired into the particulars of Danvers' journey, and after their mutual acquaintances in the Plains.

"Gone riding with Miss Daly," was Mrs. Meredith's answer. "I do not expect her home till late; there is a dinner-party and an impromptu dance at Mrs. Bishop's this evening, and Lucy, to my surprise, consented to go."

"Gone riding with Miss Daly!" repeated Colonel Rousel. "Humph! I hope she does not do that very often."

"Well, considering that you have been her cavalier almost daily since she came up, you ought to be tolerably clear on that point. But what is your objection to Miss Daly?"

Danvers's face was asking the same question with rather painful interest.

Colonel Rousel broke into a short laugh. "No wonder you inquire, when it is the belle of Mussoorie who is in question—a young lady who makes herself a heroine wherever she goes. All the young fellows of my regiment who are up here have gone distract about her, and that odd fish, Irving Wood seems to be indifferent as to whether she has a dot or no. All the same, if I were you, Edith, I would not let a thoroughly nice unworldly girl like Lucy Henniker be a great deal in her society."

"You don't seem inclined to state your reasons more particularly, Jim, and I suppose you would rather I did not ask them. Still, I am bound to say in my own defence as Miss Henniker's temporary guardian, that I have never heard anything worse of Miss Daly than" that a great many people are in love with her, and she cannot marry them all," rejoined Mrs. Meredith goodhumoredly.

"Colonel Rousel will excuse me," said Danvers, speaking with an unconscious touch of that grand demeanor which had at first so frightened Lucy, and which, it must be confessed, became his handsome features well, "if I say that it is only justice to Miss Daly that we should know the reasons. I for one, as her friend, must ask him to state them."

"I did not mean to be taken up seriously," answered Rousel, with a compassionate glance at Danvers. "To be honest, I believe I am spiteful because she would not dance with me the other night, but preferred listening to the chatter of that jackanapes Irving Wood; then this morning, when I was chewing the bitter end of wounded vanity, Molly's old friend, Mrs. O'Brien, arrived from Calcutta with such a wonderful budget of gossip about Miss Daly and her doings there during the six months she lived with her sister Mrs. Foxwell, that I must be excused for not being in a particularly well-balanced condition of mind at this moment as regards the young lady; and, having the very highest opinion of Miss Henniker's graces of mind and person, I thought it well to give Edith a brotherly warning to keep her away."

"From contamination," said Danvers, with slight scorn.

"I only hope," retorted Colonel Rousel, a little nettled by this remark, "that Miss Daly will keep her engagement with the next man she promises to marry. The accusations are no worse than that; but a young lady who is always breaking faith is not the most desirable companion for a simple girl, whose mind is true and innocent. And now, my dear Danvers," he continued in a kinder tone as he rose, for something in the pained look of the young man's face touched him, "I have, perhaps, been talking brutal rubbish, the victim of my own spleen and that good lady's Calcutta gossip. I heartily hope it is so, for the sake of Miss Daly and her numerous friends. Probably, after all, it is only as Edith says, that she has a great many lovers, and cannot marry them all. I am off for a stroll round the Camel's Back; will you come too? Very good. I shall bring you back in time to dress for dinner, though Edith says I am always late."

CHAPTER VI.

MEANTIME Lucy and Marguerite, after a mutual search of half an hour, at last met, and while the discussion recorded in the last chapter was taking place they were cantering along the Camel's Back (as the chief road in Mussoorie is called) in fine style, enjoying the crisp mountain breeze, and the glorious panorama of the Dhoon Valley, which spread out its magnificent views at their feet. At length they drew rein, and Marguerite, seeing with satisfaction that they had reached a quiet part of the Mall, said, "Now we can have a chat, Lucy; I am dying to tell you things."

They had become intimate friends during the fortnight since Lucy's arrival, chiefly owing to Marguerite's efforts to improve the acquaintance begun at Gurmikbad. Lucy hardly knew yet what to think of her new friend, she was so utterly different from the few girls besides her own sisters she had known. On the whole, she liked her more than she approved of her; would, indeed, have loved her, notwithstanding the bitter memory of that day in the Plains, had it not been for the check which her rather perverted views on certain points imposed on Lucy's trust. And she was conscious, with something akin to fear, that every hour they spent together blunted the edge of her silent criticism, and bound her more and more to Marguerite.

"What a dear little thing you are!" continued Miss Daly, Lucy having made no reply to her last remark. "I can speak to you with perfect freedom, without a bit of fear. You never assume odious airs of being shocked at my harum-scarum doings and reckless remarks; you are never spiteful, you are never cross, and, above all, you are never jealous. I have had no girl friends all my life; those I have known have hated me so, especially the pretty ones. Now, you are far lovelier than I am, any one can see that at a glance; but you never grudge me all the fun I have, or try to detract from me behind my back. You are incapable of Judas kisses, Lucy."

"I hope I am," said Lucy, in a low murmur. She did not like this open praise, but she knew Marguerite meant no flattery. *She* was incapable of *that*.

"Do you know whom I have seen this afternoon?" she asked, suddenly changing her tone, and turning one of her slow questioning looks on Lucy's betraying cheek. "Captain Danvers; and I wish with all my heart he was five hundred miles away."

"Why?" Lucy naturally inquired.

"Why? Because the sight of him has shaken a purpose that I have. Do you know—have you eyes to see—how handsome he is? how gentlemanlike and perfect in every way? He is of a rare stamp, I can tell you, and I know what I am saying, for he was here all last month, and I saw him almost daily. Lucy, he is noble. He is a man on whose faith you may rely, whose temper throughout is as true as trusty steel. He is the sort of man that a woman might be glad to die for. And—what do you think?—*he loves me*. I had much ado to keep him from telling me this when he was here a month ago. Now, ought I not to be happy?"

"If you love him," said poor Lucy.

"Did I not tell you once that I had never loved any one, though so many had professed to adore me? I did not tell you true—he is the exception. The only moments of bliss I have ever had have been those I have spent in his society. With him I feel always good, I am entirely at peace. I could put my hand in his without one shadow of fear, and go with him to the world's end. Yet—I have a purpose, and Reginald Danvers must wait till I have accomplished it." Marguerite paused for a moment, then continued reflectively, "Love makes me weak, and I sometimes fear lest he should scorn me. He is not one to be trifled with, to be tolerant of ignoble ways. But he must put up with this." She smiled charmingly, and added in her usual gay tones, "Yes, I will win him back!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Lucy, in a chill quiet voice.

"Merely this," answered Marguerite, resuming her habitual lightness of manner—"accept Major Riley, when he proposes tonight."

Lucy turned so aghast a look on her companion, that the latter burst out laughing.

"Look here, dear little simpleton," she cried. "You have seen this phœnix, who thinks every girl dying to possess him. He has broken a dozen hearts, I am told, by his falseness; he prides himself on being a lady-killer. Everybody thinks at Simoo and here that I have been treated like the rest. If I refuse him to-night, who will be the wiser? And he will go about pluming his feathers as proudly as before. The man has no heart, he can only be hit through his *amour propre*. I am going to accept him, the world is to know, and at the end of a month I will break off the engagement. *C'est tout!* Will Danvers stand it is the only question that troubles me."

"Marguerite," said Lucy earnestly, "how can you speak so, having spoken as you did a moment ago? What you talk of doing is—folly, madness: you cannot do it."

"Ah, you do not know me. No man shall treat me as Major Riley has done with impunity. *I will do it*, to punish him for his intolerable conceit and heartless vanity. I will not lose the opportunity of teaching him a lesson he shall not forget, of tacking a tale to his name that will silence his boastings for a while. If Captain Danvers' displeasure is so deep as to turn him away from me for ever, I must bear it; but my purpose I will not forego." As Marguerite spoke she straightened her slight graceful figure, and looked haughtily before her in a way that showed she meant her words.

"Let us say no more about it," said Lucy gravely. "To me it is the wildest folly that you should trifle with your happiness like this, and grieve one who loves you. Look, the sun has quite disappeared; had we not better turn homewards?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COURTSHIP IN GERMANY.—Among the customs in Germany peculiar to the time of courtship, we may mention that it is usual for lovers to tie large bunches of hawthorn to the windows of their sweetheart's houses on the 1st of May.

Those young ladies, however, who have not been fortunate enough to have obtained an offer get a few handfuls of chaff strewed by the spiteful or the jocular over their thresholds; and it is by no means uncommon for the fair creatures who are thus treated to take the hawthorn from the casements of their rivals in the night, and, tying them to the sash of their own, oblige them with some of their chaff in return—a custom which may probably have given rise to our vulgar idiom of "chaffing" an old maid.

It is customary, also, for swains to go to the windows of their *fiancées* and, firing off a pistol, to wish them a happy new year.

The term of betrothal is of different durations. In some cases it lasts only for a short period, but in others it continues for many years. It is frequently the custom for a young lady to be betrothed to a young man filling some subordinate situation under Government, upon the understanding that they are not to be married until the youth's salary reaches an amount that is deemed sufficient for the maintainance of the pair.

Officers, again, are often betrothed during their ensigncy, though every one in Prussia knows that the full-grown "children in arms" are not allowed to marry until they reach the rank of captain; unless, indeed, they be able to deposit the sum of twelve thousand thalers in the hands of the Government, the interest of which is, under certain circumstances, duly paid to the little boy for the maintenance of his wife.

The State, however, does not limit its paternal care to officers alone; it has a like regard for the interests of all persons of limited means, and will not allow them to contract matrimony until they can give good evidence that they have the wherewithal to support a family.

In Coblentz, for instance, no one can become a Benedict unless he can purchase his citizenship. This, a little while ago, cost only eight thalers; but the poorer families were found to increase so rapidly at these moderate terms that the richer determined upon raising the purchase-money for the city freedom to thirty-six thalers (upwards of 25 dollars), so as to offer every obstruction they could to marriages among the humbler portion of the community.

"What makes your horse go so slow?" asked a tourist, in the Glen of the Downs, Ireland, of his Celtic driver. "It is out of respect to the beautiful scenery, your honor. He wants you to see it all. And, then, he's an intelligent beast and appreciates good company, and wants to keep a man like you in beloved old Ireland as long as he can."

Scientific and Useful.

TO SAVE UPSETTING.—By the application of a cushion of red india rubber to the bottom of earthenware, glass and other domestic utensils, an ingenious Frenchman has demonstrated that they may be inclined at an angle of from 45 to 60 degrees without falling over.

THE TELEPHONE.—Vienna telephone people have a practical way of putting up their wires, using neither poles nor housetops, and yet not placing them underground. There are affixed to the walls of the houses on either side of the street small and very neat iron frames, holding from eight to sixteen porcelain insulators. The wires are then strung along the fronts of the buildings on these insulators, between the second and third-story windows.

COUNTING MACHINE.—A mechanical accountant has been invented by a Connecticut genius. A new Haven paper says: "The machine is worked by simply touching figures, exposed in plain view, arranged as the letters on a type-writer, only ten or twenty times as large, which stand between the salesman on the counter. When the clerk sells $5.10 worth of goods he takes the money, touches the figure 5 on the dollar section and 1 and 0 on the cent column. This cannot be altered until the next sale without ringing a bell and thus alarming a bystander, either salesman, proprietor or customer."

NEW VARNISH.—A varnish has been invented in Germany for foundry patterns and machinery. It dries, leaving a smooth surface, almost as soon as it is applied. It is thus prepared: Thirty pounds of shellac, ten pounds of Manilla copal and ten pounds of Zanzibar copal are placed in a vessel, which is heated externally by steam and stirred during from four to six hours, after which 150 parts of the finest potato spirit are added, and the whole heated for four hours to sixty-seven degrees. This liquid is dyed by the addition of orange color, and can then be applied as a paint on wood. When used for painting and glazing machinery it consists of thirty-five of shellac, five pounds of Manilla copal and 150 pounds of spirit.

EBONIZING WOOD.—How to make woods such as cherry, mahogony, etc., look like ebony, is often desirable, and a correspondent of the Hub gives the following directions: To imitate ebony, first wet the wood with a solution of logwood and copperas, boiled together, and put on hot. For this purpose two ounces of logwood chip, with one ounce and a half of copperas, to a quart of water, will be required. When the work has become dry, wet the surface again with a mixture of vinegar and steel filings. This mixture may be made by dissolving two ounces of steel filings in one-half pint of vinegar. When the work has become dry again, sandpaper down until quite smooth. Then oil and fill in with powdered dropblack mixed in a filler.

Farm and Garden.

CHARCOAL.—If charcoal be finely pulverized and mixed with mashed potatoes and corn-meal as food for turkeys they will fatten more readily than without its use, which has been demonstrated by actual experiment.

NESTS.—Fine hay or cut or well-broken straw makes good nests for hens. As good, perhaps better nests can be made of shavings of soft wood, from the carpenter's bench or chips from a turner's lathe. This material can be sprinkled with diluted carbolic acid which will keep vermin away, all the longer for the reason that, being porous, the shavings or chips absorb the acid and retain the scent of the acid better than most other materials of which nests are usually made.

COLTS.—Colts should be trained to walk fast before there is an attempt made to improve them in any other gait. This may be accomplished by commencing very young, and leading at a walk by your side, urging additional speed little by little without letting it break into a trot; but this must not be continued long at a time so as to worry or tire. One or two short lessons a day will soon show a wonderful improvement; but after lessons will be required to prevent a relapse.

THE RANGE OF THE FARM.—It is a great fault with many farmers to allow their cattle the range of the farm, thus getting more exercise than is good for a milch cow, trampling the field and making muddy paths, while the frost-bitten food that they pick up is of reduced benefit, and leaves the fields bare and exposed to the winter's severity. It is an error to suppose that late grass, frost-bitten and bleached, is of more value as food than for plant-food and protection. Leaving the grass unfed is, in effect, green manuring without the expense of turning it under.

FRUIT TREES.—It is possible to give fruit trees too high culture. One who is enthusiastic in fruit growing and who has but a small orchard is very apt to cultivate and manure too much. We have known of persons who were continually adding to their orchards phosphates, carbonate of lime, muck and barnyard manure in abundance. If too much medicine can be given to a patient, just as readily can too much manure be given an orchard. Judicious cultivation is always to be commended, but just what judicious cultivation is cannot be expressed in print. Judicious cultivation for one orchard may be redundant or insufficient cultivation for another.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 28, 1885.

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OF LITTLE THINGS.

Knowledge is gained piecemeal; is made up, as it were, of little things. Yet knowledge is valuable as a lever to lift men and women to a higher plane of being. The passion for knowing is superior to the knowledge itself, but both together are not sufficient to ensure the welfare of a nation. There must also be the desire, the effort, and the wisdom so to use the knowledge as to improve and exalt the character, and so to cultivate the whole nature of those we teach as to make them not only better scholars, but better and nobler men and women.

But so far as they go in this training, little things cannot be over-estimated. Every one has heard that "little drops of water and little grains of sand make the mighty ocean and a pleasant land;" but this fact does not make a very great impression upon our old or young. The ocean is mighty, and the land is vast, and no one thinks of the size of the atoms of which this ponderous globe is composed, but of the enormous number of atoms it contains.

The lesson of the importance of little things is most important, and most difficult to learn. The best way to learn it is by studying the absolute value of those little things which are the result of them. For example, it is a very impressive fact that the whole income of all the people of this country is an average of almost exactly fifty cents a day for each. This sum includes the profits of the rich and the wages of the poor. It represents not only the value of what is consumed, but the accumulation of wealth—what is left over each day as a fund to be drawn upon afterward. When we consider this fact, we cannot help thinking of the importance of one cent. It is an appreciable part of an income for one person for one day. And if it be also considered that a very large majority of the people receive less than the average, the proportion which one cent bears to the daily income is increased.

Now this very impressive lesson may at once be forgotten in the astonishment with which one hears that the total yearly production of the country, which makes the gross annual income of all the people, is ten thousand million dollars. The mind loves to dwell on great things rather than on little ones, and the proportion of one cent to this vast sum seems so infinitely small that the importance of the penny diminishes prodigiously. There are no trifles in this life. Trade is carried on upon extremely narrow margins. A certain city in this country lost the almost exclusive trade in a great article of foreign production, and consequently a large part of its foreign commerce, because the State of which that city formed a part imposed what seemed an exceedingly light tax upon auction sales. A difference of one-sixteenth of a cent a pound in the price of cotton decides whether a factory shall make a loss or a profit. On some of our great railroads the cost of moving one ton of freight one mile is figured down to the one-hundredth part of a cent.

Examples of this sort might be given without end. They all teach the same lesson: Be careful about all things. Take care of the pence. Choose your words, and utter no idle or thoughtless ones. Govern each act by conscience. Commit no little sins, and you will commit no great ones.

SANCTUM CHAT.

FOR many years a sealed box, with instructions that it should not be opened for twenty years from date of its sealing, was "kicking around" in the Massachusetts Secretary of State's office, a nuisance to everybody until the allotted time expired. It was then opened, and found to contain papers relating to the potato rot.

—

THERE is said to be about $40,000,000 in the United States Treasury due people who do not call for it, because they do not know that it is there, or have lost the evidence of their claims. The Government pays this money over when the right person appears with evidences of his claim, but does not assist claimants in making out a case.

—

ABOUT a decade ago a German postal official hit upon the idea of printing a New Year's wish upon the bands or wrappers of mail matter that was addressed to foreign countries. The conceit took, and now the middle officials of nearly every country in the postal union greet each other, at the beginning of the year, in this novel way.

—

THE Japanese are beginning to fear they have become civilized at a too rapid rate. Their progress, so called, has called for the felling of trees, and, like Americans, they have had no time in which to obey the old law of planting two trees in every uprooted tree's stead. Now, the rainfall is affected, and the mulberry trees, which supported their silkworms, one of the most valuable of Japan's sources of wealth, are becoming scarce.

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IN Germany, and other parts of the continent, cherry trees are commonly planted by the roadside. The road from Brunn to Olmutz, sixty miles in length, is bordered with cherry trees. This useful kind of hedgerow has many parallels in other districts in Austria. Any traveler may eat of the fruit of these trees, except the few about which the owner has bound a wisp of straw, in token of reservation. The sign is universally respected.

—

FORM BLINDNESS, or an inability to clearly perceive forms and outlines, is a new defect that has been discovered by a New York artist, who says he has sometimes placed objects in the shape of hectagons, or octagons, or even so common a shape as a pentagon or a five pointed star, before pupils for a test, and almost invariably they were unable to distinguish one form from another, even when with careful distinction the differences were explained to them.

—

THE total number of banking institutions that failed in 1884 is 121, eleven of which were national banks, twenty-two state banks, eleven savings banks, and seventy-seven private banking institutions. Nineteen of these failures are traceable to the fraud of bank officers; twenty-five of them resulted from unfortunate operations in stocks, disconnected from the element of fraud; and sixty-seven, or more than one-half of them, were due, either directly or indirectly, to some form of speculation.

—

THERE are many men who keep their pleasant words and smiling faces too much for strangers, for whom they do not care a straw, while for their very own, their dear ones, they have too often bitter words and harsh condemnation. They do not realize the injury they are doing; they little know the suffering they cause. It is not too much to say that many a woman dies simply for want of sympathy—starves to death just as really as if her food had been taken from her. A gentle word will go far to lift the burden from the wearied shoulders.

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THE phonograph has never been much else than a plaything, but a couple of Central African travelers are putting it to use if it proves able to do practical work in taking in and recording sounds. The travelers are visiting the savage tribes, and getting the chiefs to talk at the instrument, which thus picks up choice bits of several tongues. The record is preserved to be taken to Europe for the inspection and study of philologists, who are expected to be qualified to make out the languages, and to determine whether or not they are related to any other known tongues. It is a novel way of picking up tongues and carrying them away for the linguistic dissecting table.

—

STEAM, electricity, machinery, and corporate organizations, says an exchange, have been rapidly changing the social conditions during the last two or three decades, and widening the gulf between capital and labor. They have enormously increased the wealth of the country as a whole, but labor has not shared proportionately. Always dangerously near the line of want, machinery is now crowding labor over. During this time we have been educating the laboring classes—educating them to the wants of intelligence, without giving them means of gratifying these wants, which is as dangerous as refining dynamite up to the explosive point.

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SPEAKING of the House Committee's favorable report to Congress of a bill providing that no alien foreigner shall acquire a title to or own land in this country, an English journal says: "Such laws as this are, of course, easily enough dodged, but the proposal is typical of the growing feeling against the holdings of land in single hands, which we have often noted before, and which will assume proportions large enough to startle people a good deal. The citizens of the United States will wake up one fine morning to find half a province, say, owned by a single individual, and will stand it no longer. And when the move comes, it will be the alien who will first feel the force of the storm. Even without raising the general question of England's future position as mortgagee of half the world, one can easily see how serious is the prospect thus opened."

—

ARSENIC in domestic fabrics is so easily dispensed with, that there is no valid reason for the continued use of these poisonous colors. Several paper-stainers have for years conscientiously excluded all arsenical colors from their works, yet have still maintained their position in the open market, thus deciding the question both as to cost and quality in non-arsenical wall paper. It is an interesting question to medical men and chemists how it is that these minute quantities of arsenic, or some combination of arsenic with other ingredients, when breathed, should be so injurious, when larger quantities can be taken into the stomach, as a medicine, with advantage. This question, however, is of no consequence to the patient. His course is simple enough; having found out the cause of illness, get rid of it, and be thankful it can be got rid of at so small a cost.

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THE bone industry of the country is an important one. The four feet of an ordinary ox will make a pint of neatsfoot oil. Not a bone of any animal is thrown away. Many cattle shin-bones are shipped to Europe for the making of knife-handles, where they bring $40 a ton. The thigh bones are the most valuable, being worth $80 a ton for cutting into tooth-brush handles. The fore-leg bones are all worth $30 a ton, and are made into collar buttons, parasol handles, and jewelry, though sheep's legs are the staple for parasol handles. The water in which the bones are boiled is reduced to glue, the dust which comes from sawing the bones is fed to cattle and poultry, and all bones that cannot be used as noted, or for bone black, used in refining the sugar we eat, are turned into fertilizers, and made to help enrich the soil. As regards waste, it is the story of the pig. Nothing is lost except the squeal.

—

THERE is always good policy in keeping one's temper. As often as temper is lost a degree of influence is lost with it; and, while the former may be recovered, it will be found much more difficult to recover the latter. The politician who allows himself to get angry in his capacity, whatever may be the provocation—does his cause an injury which his soundest argument will hardly repair. Just so with men of all professions, and with men of no profession. If they would be able to exert a sway in their sphere, they must learn to keep cool. Who ever listened to a discussion in which one person went raving mad, while the other maintained his composure, without having his sympathies enlisted with the latter, even though, in the beginning, his prejudice might have been in favor of the former? It is commonly taken for granted, and with a good share of reason, that he who has the last share in an argument will exhibit the most coolness.

—

Is it publication in the legal sense of the word to write libelous matter on a post card? The English courts have shown a disposition to answer the question in the affirmative, and there would certainly be much to be said for the view that post cards were as good as public property. The French courts, however, have just decided for the second time that to send a message on a post card does not constitute publication unless it is expressly proved that as a matter of fact the message was read by a third person. The legal presumption, it seems—rather widely divorced from common experience—is that door-tenders, etc., do not read any of the cards put in their boxes; and, as for the letter-sorters and carriers, is it not written in the terms of the pledge which they take on entering the service of the State that they "shall not read anything on the reverse side of a post card?" But then there are people who say that a civil oath is not binding.

LOVE'S MEASURE.

We may not know the love we bear,
Nor probe its depths for friend or brother,
While yet they grace this world of care—
Until they leave us for another.

But when they reach that sunlit shore,
Of endless day and no to-morrow,
Then may we read the love we bore
Them, by the Measure of our sorrow.

—WM MACKINTOSH.

Finding it Out.

BY R. L. KERR.

IT was a summer's afternoon; the sun was aggressive; the roads were dusty; shade and moisture were absent from the otherwise rural scene, through which a young man was making his slow way, fatigued and travel-stained. He had evidently walked far. To judge from his appearance, it was difficult to say who or what he was. Not a laborer—certainly not a farmer. His dress did not mark any kinship with the natives of the district; so thought those who passed him on the road and speculated about him; a traveler evidently—a pedestrian, but of what rank it was difficult to define, his costume was so nondescript. A knapsack, slung across his back, constituted his luggage. He could have supported a heavier weight, for he was a stalwart young man, with a fine open face that at this moment would have looked all the better could it have left its mask of dust in some friendly basin of water.

He had walked since early morning, and was now thinking of a halt and some refreshment in the village he was nearing, when his eye fell upon a placard or poster on the wall skirting some gentleman's estate he happened then to be passing.

"An auction," he supposed at first. The people were going away, probably, who owned the place; and this was a description of their effects. He was about to pass on without further thought on the subject, when the word "Reward" shot itself into his eye, and settled there until he stood before it, and put it back into its place in the family of words to which it belonged. It was there as an accessory to the fact of the poster which proclaimed that a great plate robbery had been committed at Greystone Hall, the seat of Colonel Davidson, and that £2500 reward would be given to any one leading to the discovery and apprehension of the perpetrators.

Our traveler stood long before the poster, staring at it so intently that one or two who passed him on the road, seeing him remain with his eyes on the words, speculated, "Could *he* be staring conscious-stricken?"

Something evidently was working in the man's mind; but the region affected was his brain, not his conscience. He was deep in a wild speculation, which had come as a flash of intuition through his perception.

"Shall I do it?" was the question that kept beating loudly at the door of his will.

"But it may fail, and then—and then you can justify your endeavor," said his common sense. "Still, it is a mad scheme."

"You can but fail, and, at the present point of your fortunes, you have nothing to gain and nothing to lose should your experiment play you false."

Thus did his mind toss the *pros* and *cons* of his inspiration—for so he regarded it—backwards and forwards, to be tested by prudence and common-sense against the wild-daring of speculation. Of one thing, however, he was certain. He knew himself to be honest in intention. If his present circumstances bespoke misfortunes, they were the result of his having preferred poverty to dishonor. So in the strength of his integrity he plucked up courage. He knew who he was and what he was doing. He had nothing to fear. Yet he strode along, still hesitating if he should carry out the design which had taken awery panoramic shape in his brain—even to results almost prophetic—during that quarter of an hour?

Presently he came up to the park gates, surmounted by a lodge and attendant keeper. It was a trim pretty spot, with flowers in pots outside the window-sill, and others creeping up the trellised walls. But on one side of the lodge, patent to the road, in a place of prominence, was the poster again, with the words REWARD and ROBBERY as a trap for each eye. At the sight of them, the whole force of the previous combat with himself revived—so much so that he stood still again, unable to proceed.

The old woman at the lodge—on the look-out for all doubtful characters—saw him, and came out to ask his pleasure, since "she didn't want no loiterers about."

But he was so buried in thought and culminating decision that she had to urge her question—the second time with blunt authority—before she could arrest his attention.

"I suppose this is put here to read, is it not?"

"Surely," answered the woman scanning him curiously. "And perhaps ye can tell who stole the plate by looking at it?" she retorts with a sneer.

"Perhaps I can, and perhaps I can't. Is your master at home?"

"What, the Colonel? Yes; he's up at the Hall."

"Then please to open the gate, and let me pass," said our hero, with authority that altogether startled the old lady.

"Eh!—you? What in—?" she exclaims, puzzled; for his appearance is no fellow to his tongue, the one being as shabby as the other is smart.

A very tramp of a fellow, with a wallet on his back and boots all cut. "What would the likes of *he* want with the master?" Still he was not to be denied. She was only a lone woman at the lodge, and old, and he could soon master the likes of her, with nobody nigh to help her. So she let him pass, looking after him as he strode up the avenue leading to the Hall.

Like Christian on his travels to the Celestial City, our hero (for so we must call him until he reveals himself) had to encounter many foes before he could reach his destination. Notably the worst was Thomas, the gentleman-in-waiting, in decorous black, upon Colonel Davidson's visitors.

Thomas surveyed the intruder with magnificent contempt. He was a fine specimen of his order; obsequious to the great, patronising to the humbler gentry, a bully to the poor.

Had he dared, he would have horse-whipped our shabby-looking hero from the door. But he very soon saw, from face and speech and strength of limb, that he had someone to deal with, who, if it came to measuring strength, would damage his broadcloth considerably in a very short time.

"Master's out," says Thomas curtly.

"No, he is not," returns the stranger coolly. "I am here to see him."

"Your name?" asks Thomas, surprised into apparent civility.

"Not necessary. Do as I tell you. Say to your master that some one wants to speak to him on business; and do it at once, my good fellow, unless you want me to teach you the way."

Under such peremptory commands, Thomas must needs obey. He had found his master, mentally speaking; still he was wary, and kept our hero standing on the outside of the closed door, while he went to fetch the butler. He would not take the responsibility of admitting such a suspicious-looking character to the Colonel without consultation.

The butler was dubious also, and told Thomas to admit him into the hall, but to keep his eye upon *the man*, while he went to the Colonel, who had given orders to admit every one who came on 'business,' hoping they might have something to tell him about his lost plate.

"Ah! show him in," said the Colonel; a fine manly soldier, bronzed and grey now, after years of foreign service. He had come into possession of his property late in life, but not too late to enjoy it thoroughly.

Into the Colonel's smoking-room, our hero was then shown, much to the chagrin of Thomas and the butler, who were left in possession of his knapsack, which he had thrown down before going into the Colonel's room. But it was locked, so they were obliged to remain in ignorance of who the visitor was, since he would give no name.

As soon as the Colonel spoke to his visitor he recognized, from the tone and quality of his speech—that sure key to breeding—that he had a gentleman to deal with, costume notwithstanding.

"I have taken the liberty of calling upon you in reference to your lost plate—"

"Ah—yes—my plate. Most extraordinary affair. Disappeared so mysteriously! Nothing else taken! No trace of the scoundrels!" interrupted the Colonel. "Very valuable, sir, at least to me. Some very old heirlooms among it!"

"Disappeared mysteriously, you say?"

"Yes. All right one evening, gone next morning. Door of plate-closet broken open. No other clue. Windows all secure."

"Ah! and doors?" asked our hero.

"Yes. The rogue must have been secreted in the house and escaped."

"You have told me all I want to know. I think I may be able to find it for you; or, if not the plate, at least the culprit."

"Really!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Yes. At least, I will have a try for it," said the mysterious stranger; "that is to say if you will afford me facilities for carrying out my design. I have a thought and a plan of discovery. It may fail, of course; but, after what you have told me, I am inclined to think it will succeed."

"And what may you want from me in the matter, before I pledge myself?" asked the Colonel.

"Only your hospitality for one week, which would not be intrusive on my part on your privacy. I should only require you to give me a room in your house apart from you or your family, or any intruders beyond the servants you may appoint to wait on me."

"A most extraordinary—I might say unheard-of—request," said the Colonel, feeling and looking astonished and doubtful.

"May I ask who you are?"

"That I will tell you if I am successful. It is a part of my plan not to divulge who or what I am; but I offer you this security: You are at liberty to lock me up, and place a policeman outside my door. I shall occupy a room in your house for one week only. If, at the end of that time, I do not prove my case, then I hope to satisfy you, by personal references, that my experiment was an honest one."

"By George! next to losing my plate, I know nothing more mysterious than your coming in this way to offer to find it!" exclaimed the Colonel, uncertain if he should accept the strange proposition. He was a physiognomist, however, and there was something in the face before him that disposed him to trust its honesty. Suddenly a thought struck him, and he asked,

"Are you connected with the detective police?"

"I can answer no questions. But this I will tell you—I am acquainted with the law."

"A ruse of some of these London detectives," thought the Colonel. "They are on the track of my plate, and sent this fellow on the business."

Confirmed in this idea, the Colonel withdrew any latent opposition he may have been nursing, and said at last,

"Very well; you shall have your own way. I won't interfere with you."

He was growing interested and excited in the adventure. He would see it through, and take the consequence, he thought, in justification of what his friends might hereafter call an absurd bit of recklessness on his part in accepting discovery on such terms.

"Remember," urged his strange visitor, "that I don't promise you success; I only say that I *think* I can succeed. And now I must frankly tell you that in addition to a room, you will also have to place some clothes at my service. I only came provided with a small knapsack. Your hospitality for the week will have to include a change of linen."

"By all means," said the Colonel who felt himself committed for any and every thing. "Thomas shall supply you; I'll ring now, and give him directions."

"Of course, you understand that the object of my presence in your house is to be kept a secret."

"Certainly I do. Ah, here is Thomas. Thomas, please to tell the housekeeper to have the blue bed and dressing room got ready at once for this gentleman, who is going to stay with us; and as his luggage will not arrive for some days, you will furnish him with all he requires from my warbrobe."

"Very good, sir," answered the astounded Thomas, who had to pull his ears to assure himself that he had heard aright.

"Well, if that hain't the rummiest go ever I did see!" he cried, when he carried the order into the servants'-hall. "A vagabond fellow, with a pack on his back, walks up to the front door, is let in, and is to be put into the blue-room. Whoever can he be?"

The excitement and commotion throughout the house were immense. Polly, the chambermaid, engaged to Thomas, giggled over the mystery. The butler looked troubled. What did it mean? And was it becoming his dignity to remain in a situation where "tramps" were given the freedom of the house whenever they liked to walk in from the high road?

The cook, the kitchenmaid—all the servants, in fact—held a cabinet council upon their master's irregular conduct in admitting such people. "What would the mistress say?—but, of course, she would side with the master." Still, condemn as they might, there was no going back from the unalterable fact that the blue room had to be prepared for the "tramp," and Polly had to set about the work.

At six o'clock, Thomas, with some sense of awe, largely mixed with disdain, showed the "tramp," as they decided to call him, to the blue-room. The knapsack had already preceded him, and on the bed was spread a change of the Colonel's spotless linen, laid out for the "tramp's" delectation.

"Tell your master I shall not dine downstairs," said the "tramp". "Bring my dinner up here."

"And if he thinks *I'm* a-going to carry *his* victuals up and down stairs, he's altogether in the wrong box," said the magnificent Thomas so soon as the door between him and his master's guest allowed of him to resume his natural manners.

The question in the nether world of domestic officialism was, "Who should wait upon the stranger?" Thomas and the butler both declared it was not to be expected of *them* that they could divide their precious bodies in half—one part be attending up, while the other was doing duty down stairs.

"Lor, Polly is the one as'll do well enough for the likes of *he*," said the cook, cutting the difficulty short.

"I ain't a-going," said Polly stoutly, who took Thomas's view of the matter.

"O yes, go," said the cook coaxingly; "and bring us word what he's up to."

Curiosity, and the importance of being a "special correspondent" from their seat of war, overcame Polly's dignity, and she yielded the point. So she went up-stairs to lay the cloth in the blue-room for the stranger's solitary dinner, which she then carried up.

The stranger meanwhile took not any notice of her. He was sitting in an easy-chair by the window looking out on the park, his eyes half closed, as if enjoying the rest after his long day's walk.

As soon as the dinner was on the table, Polly went up to him and said, "Dinner is ready."

Turning round slowly in his chair, he looked up solemnly into the girl's face; then, without a word of warning, and as if wholly preoccupied by translating his own thoughts, he brought his hand down with a loud thud upon the table, at his side, exclaiming,

"*And that is one of them!*"

Turning pallid with fright, the girl rushed from the room without another word, leaving him to look after his own dinner: nor did she pause until, scared and breathless, she reached the kitchen.

"Lor, she's dyin'!" exclaimed the cook, into whose arms the girl now flung herself, sobbing hysterically. "Here, bring some water!" cried the cook. "Come, girl, tell us—what has happened to moider you this fashion?"

After much shaking and screaming, Polly at last was coherent enough to say, shaking her head resolutely,

"No, never no more will I put foot across that blue-room. The devil himself has got into the house, and is up there, a-talkin' to himself. Ha! ha! ha! How shall I sleep this blessed night! O, I am nearly dead with the look of him; and if he have to starve, so he may, before I takes him another mouthful!"

* * * * *

The parliament which sat in the servants'-hall that evening on the "foreign element" question was a weighty one.

The point requiring immediate settlement was, "Who should attend on the 'party' in the blue-room?" Martha, the kitchen-maid, was the one elected, when the house went into committee on the subject. Martha resisted; but public opinion was too strong for her, and she was forced to submit. She would not be called upon to act until next morning. The night would be free from his ghostly terrors, and she would find her courage reinforced by that time.

At breakfast the next day the stranger was in a preoccupied mood as usual, when the kitchenmaid came in. He took no notice of her until, with a trembling voice, she said,

"Please, sir, breakfast is ready."

Turning round upon her slowly, and solemnly looking into her face, he again brought his hand down upon the table with a thud as before, and said earnestly, searchingly,

"*And that is two of them.*"

It was more than her feeble nature could bear, and, like Polly, she fled from the room in utter dismay.

"Let the men face him now," she cried indignantly, as she entered the kitchen and told the cook, all impatience to hear, of what had passed.

After this the maid-servants mutinered and taunted the brave and boasting Thomas of being afraid, otherwise he wouldn't have left young women to do *his* work, and get scared out of their wits by the devil's own messenger upstairs!"

"Afraid! Whose afraid?" growled Thomas. "Yes, I'll show you I'm not afraid: and if he comes any of his nonsense with me, I'll soon settle him, if I have to give warning for it afterwards. It ain't human, it ain't, to subject servants to havin' their nerves twisted into fiddle-strings, all along of a fellow as has left his luggage behind!" said Thomas mimicking his master. "All right, you feeble chicken-hearted women, *I'll* face him," said Thomas, with bravado. "Let him see me at lunch-time, and then, if he don't find his master, I'll trouble him!"

Colonel Davidson had seen his guest during the morning, and had invited him to go over the grounds, but he would not leave the room. At the same time he said nothing of his plan of action or of the points he had scored.

Mrs. Davidson's maid had told her mistress of the scare in the kitchen among the maids on account of the stranger. The utmost excitement was felt by all in the house, from the master down to the lowest servant, wondering what would be the issue of these proceedings—if the stranger were really in earnest, or only playing a huge joke upon them.

At one o'clock Thomas took up luncheon into the blue dressing-room.

As on similar occasions, the visitor remained preoccupied with his own thoughts, unobservant of the domestic or his movements, until Thomas announced that all was ready.

Then, turning slowly round, but this time bringing his hand down with redoubled violence, he glared in the man's face, and cried, as if speaking to some one invisible,

"*And THERE is THREE of them!*"

"What do you mean, sir?" said Thomas, trying to be brave, but feeling horribly frightened, and trembling in every limb.

"You know what I mean!" cried our hero significantly; and then, in a voice of deep solemnity, he said, "When dinner comes, send the butler; now go."

"O, lor, the girls are right; it's the very devil himself!" cried Thomas, staggering out of the room under a dread sense of the supernatural. 'A man can fight a man; but when it comes to Old Nick, it is another matter. Left his luggage, has he? I should say he had just—he's left it *friezing*. That's where *he's* come from!"

This opinion of Thomas, with a great deal more, reported and colored by the maids, was told to the butler, together with the especial message to himself, which made him feel anything but comfortable. If supernatural powers were at work, it would be useless to refuse the summons. He was bound to obey, so he made the best of his position by forced cheerfulness.

Still, there was no disguising the fact, the butler was very unhappy. King Pharaoh's butler was not more troubled. He hardly knew what would happen next, or what he should do, for he did not like the idea of waiting on the blue-room.

It was very embarrassing when he had to explain to his master that he had been commanded to attend the gentleman at dinner that day, and what should he do?

"Do, by all means; we have no company. Thomas will wait on Mrs. Davidson and myself."

The Colonel's curiosity was becoming rampant. 'It was no *having* a week of the play to watch this plot unravel,' he said; and he was impatient for the *denouement*.

The excitement in the servants'-hall grew higher than ever. The butler was actually to wait on the —— (they had no name for him now whatever, not being sure if he were man or devil) in the blue-room. So they spoke of him in hints and innuendoes, with fingers pointed towards the locality of his room, when they discussed him.

The attitude of the butler was calm and solemn, as became not only his exalted position, but a man who knew how to meet it. At least, so the beings below him thought. The hour of dinner and the return of the butler from the blue-room was looked forward to with an interest and awe, much the same as if he had undertaken to visit a

ghost and report the result. It was the suspense of climax. Every one felt it.

The hour arrived at last, and the butler proceeded solemnly to the blue-room to lay the table. The position of the stranger as on previous occasions was immovable and preoccupied until summoned, which the butler, when ready, proceeded to do.

Once more turning round slowly, he fixed his eyes on the butler, whom he fascinated by his penetrating search. Then in severe upbraiding tones, as if he could not believe it possible of *such* a man, he said,

"*And you are the man!*"

"O Lord, yes, sir! I know I am. I know I am; poor miserable wretch that I am! Ah, I am ruined! My poor wife," cried the unfortunate butler, falling on his knees before the stranger, and imploring mercy; for he thought that the man before him had supernatural power, and that further denial was useless.

"What have you done with the plate? Confess all, before we can talk of mercy."

"I can. I will, sir," cried the butler in despair. "It is all safe. O sir, sir, if I bring it all back, will you spare me? O my poor wife! It will break her heart, but I did it in a weak moment. I wanted the money it might bring. I had borrowed some money to help my brother to America, and I had to pay it back in a month's time from now. I had it for three months in all. But how was I to pay it back? I had no means laid by, and so I thought I would take the plate, and raise money on it in London. O, it was an evil moment for me when I listened to that idea in my mind. I've had no peace day or night since then. It isn't as if I were a born thief, who has been bred up to it. I never stole before; and now when I did steal, the things is no good to me. I have dreaded to handle them."

"Are they intact, then? Can you produce them?"

"Yes, sir. The night I took the plate, I buried it down there in the orchard, every bit of it. How many's the time I've wished it all back in the closet! O sir, do you think there will be any mercy for me if I bring it all back—every bit of it?"

"I can promise nothing. I only hold you to your word; and, if by to-morrow morning every piece of the missing plate is in my possession, I will promise to do my best for you with your master to procure your forgiveness. As soon as dinner is over, will you give him my compliments, and say that I should like to see him? But before you go, what security can you give me that you are telling me the truth?"

"Write all I have said, sir, and I'll take my oath upon the Bible it is true, and sign it in writing with my name."

"Good. I'll take you at your word."

The confession was reiterated, and recorded in writing by the stranger; and then, without any oath being taken, the butler signed it and testified to its accuracy, promising, at the same time, to produce the missing plate at the stipulated time.

"Well!" exclaimed all the servants questionably, as the butler returned after a longer stay in the blue-room than any of the others had been able to make.

"Well!" returned the butler doggedly. "You are all a rare pack of fools for being scared. I never spoke to a nicer or more civil-spoken gentleman in my life."

"Ah, he's mastered him by his wonderful courage," thought the rebuked maidens and Thomas, in whose eyes the butler was a functionary whose superiority was unquestionable.

"Wants to see me after dinner, does he?" said Colonel Davidson to the butler, who gave the message with much inward trepidation. "By Jove, the plot's thickening. My compliments to the gentleman, and I will be happy to wait upon him."

"I am sorry I can't prevail upon you to join us in the drawing-room," said Colonel Davidson, as he took a seat in the blue-room that evening opposite his mysterious guest.

"Thank you, you are very kind; but I took your house by storm in such a very equivocal manner, that I feel I have no right to swerve from my purpose until I have established my claim to your consideration that I am not exactly the madman you have some grounds for supposing. I must, at least, prove to you that there has been method in my madness. And now let me ask you if you think your plate could go into that knapsack of mine?"

"Most assuredly not," returned the Colonel.

"And you are fully persuaded that I have never left these rooms since I have been in your house, now about twenty-four hours?"

"I am."

"You are convinced, then, that if I can show you your plate intact, spread out on this table some time to-morrow, that I have, at any rate, been no party to its disappearance?"

"Most assuredly you have not."

"And should I succeed in restoring you your property, will it tax your forgiveness too much to pardon the culprit, should I satisfy you that the person is one to be recommended to mercy?"

"I think I could manage to let the scoundrel off if I got my plate, if that is what you mean."

"Then under these conditions, if you will kindly pay me another visit when I ask you for it to-morrow, I hope to be able to hand you over all your plate, if you will kindly furnish me with a list of the missing articles."

"Most astonishing!" cried the Colonel, who could hardly credit what he heard; and exclaimed, "By Jove, sir, it's juggling! I have not seen anything like it since the mango trick in India."

"O, no, it is not juggling," said our hero, with a laugh; "only a little mental chemistry—trying the effect of certain tests, and watching closely the effect produced."

"All I can say is, that it beats everything that I have ever met with in my experience. I am quite longing for to-morrow, not only for the sake of what you have just said, but to redeem your promise to let me know your name, and how you came to think of such an experiment as the one you have hit upon," said the Colonel, rising.

"I promise you every satisfaction," returned the other. "In the mean time, don't forget to let me have the inventory."

"I will send it at once."

* * * * *

When all the house was quiet that night, a solitary figure might have been seen stealing out into the orchard to unbury his ill-gotten treasure, which he carried piece by piece up to the blue-room, happily for him undetected. The gentlemen had agreed to wait up and receive it, and to check each article from the inventory, until put in possession of the whole.

"And now, before we part, what is the amount of the money you owe which tempted you to commit this crime?" our hero inquired of the unhappy man.

"Seven hundred dollars, sir; I borrowed it to start my brother in America; but, as I have told you, I had no means of meeting the bill; and so, in a weak moment—I must have been sheer off my head when I did it—I took that cursed plate."

"Well my man, there is $2500 reward due to me for discovering this theft of yours; but if it will make you an honest man, I'll give you the money to pay your bill, and so set you on your legs again, as I hope to be set on mine by this transaction; and now good-night, and no thanks."

For the butler was standing stupefied at his accuser's generosity, and was trying to articulate something to the effect that he would live another life, and that an honest one, from this night out.

After breakfast the next morning, the butler summoned Colonel Davidson once more to the blue-room, a summons which was obeyed with all the alacrity of unbounded curiosity; for the good Colonel was growing almost as superstitious as the servants about his unknown friend in need.

"Well, and what news have you for me to-day?"

"Only what I expected to have. Will you follow me into the dressing-room?"

There, laid out on the table, was the whole of the missing plate.

"By Jove, sir, you completely overturn me! This is the most extraordinary circumstance I have ever seen or heard of!" cried the astounded Colonel. "Surely you will tell me the meaning of it all now? How did you discover it?"

"Don't ask me that," cried the other, shaking his head. "I think it would puzzle me to answer you. I can only tell you that when I started on the walking tour which brought me casually to this place, I had no more idea of ever acting the part I have taken in discovering your plate-robbery than you have that I should ever do so. The only explanation I can offer you is that the idea shot through my brain of testing the theory that in all such robberies, the real culprit is to be found in the house, not out of it; so I quickly matured a plan of presupposed acquaintance with the *facts* of the case. It was an experiment—a wild one, I grant you; but it fascinated me, and I determined to try it. It succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, as you may see by that"—pointing to the plate.

"And do you mean to tell me that the culprit was in my house all the while?" said the Colonel in astonishment.

"Yes; and remembering your promise, I venture to show you the man," handing the confession made by the butler.

"All I entreat is that you will let him down gently. Give him a chance of reformation by not exposing his guilt. He will leave your service, no doubt, after this, without giving you the trouble to discharge him. I believe in the fellow, although he has fallen; but I have witnessed his repentance, and believe it sincere. In fact, sir, you have taught me how one man may dare to trust another of whom he knows nothing, and that to his advantage. Here is my card, and I thank you for your courtesy."

The Colonel took it, and read aloud, "Mr. Horace Napier, Lincoln's Inn."

"Delighted to have the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Napier. Any relation of my old friend Sir Malcolm Napier?"

"Nephew."

"Ah, that explains everything," cried the Colonel excitedly. "By Jove, sir, I knew you were a gentleman the moment I saw you. But how came you to be wandering in these parts? When did you see your uncle?"

"To tell you the truth, it is through him, indirectly, that I am here. We parted about a fortnight ago, very stormily. I have been allowed to consider myself until now his heir; and he certainly has always behaved most liberally to me, until he wanted me to give up my right to choose the woman I was to marry. I, without consulting him, had engaged myself to a young lady, whom I hope one day to marry. He heard of it, sent for me, ordered me peremptorily to break off the match, and marry another young lady whom he named. I chose the alternate. Feeling knocked up by all this worry, I determined to take a walking tour to recruit my energies before beginning the world again on my own account. Fortune directed my steps to your neighborhood; and when I saw the attractive figures of $2500, held out as a reward for discovery, I confess it was a further inducement to me to carry out the idea which has turned out so successfully."

"Five hundred pounds! You have earned double that about: and, by Jove, sir, you must accept it. I will take no refusal," cried the Colonel enthusiastically. "But you must come down now, and be introduced to Mrs. Davidson. All the county are talking of my madness in allowing a stranger to take up his quarters in my house; but I know a gentleman when I see him, and this will be a splendid victory for me."

The end had justified the means in this case. It was the making of Horace Napier's fortune, and the beginning of a long friendship between the Davidsons and himself. As nothing succeeds like success, it is pleasant to have to record that no sooner was Horace married to the lady of his choice, and comfortably settled (having taken the butler into his service), than his irascible uncle grew kind, and they were reconciled.

"La Filomela."

CHARLES READ.

THE hard work of my practice in London had so completely exhausted my energies, that in January, two years ago, I was obliged to seek rest and change. Having great faith in variety of work as a tonic and restorative, I determined to spend some months in Paris, where I might, if so minded, follow up a specialty in which I was greatly interested, and yet live comfortably in holiday fashion with my eldest sister, a widow residing in that cheerful capital for the education of her two daughters.

For a fortnight after my arrival I led a lazy life, and fell into a routine which made me the attendant of my sister and nieces, who appeared to consider "Uncle Paul" a decidedly useful appendage. May and Lucy were charming girls, aged respectively sixteen and seventeen, and my sister had cause for the triumph she felt in the success of her mode of bringing them up, for they were thoroughly well-informed and accomplished, and yet seemed to be without any consciousness that their intelligence and acquirements were above the average.

Of course, I heard a great deal of their instructors. They laughed at their German master, in an amiable way; imitated the fiery Italian, whose patriotism was the motive for most eloquent discourses; and pitied the Parisian, who could not persuade herself their accent was sufficiently pure. Their love and admiration were reserved for their singing-mistress, for whom they had nothing but praise so unqualified, that I saw the girls were victims to one of those passions evoked in school-days, which, for strength and vehemence, are often prototypes of the love of later life.

They called this lady (whose name was Giulia Martigny) "La Filomela," and told me that could I but hear her sing, I should never again mention such second-rate voices as those of the *prime donne* of London, Paris, and Vienna, whose organs I had hitherto been accustomed to consider entirely satisfactory.

My sister was very fond of Signorina Giulia, but told me she would like to know something of her history before permitting the intimacy for which the girls were eager.

"Does the lady encourage them?" asked I.

"By no means," was the answer; "she discourages the slightest attempt to establish more friendly relations; and all I know of her is that she was trained for a public singer, and has for some reason entirely relinquished the career, and will only teach or perform at private concerts, and even then she is capricious in her choice of houses to which she will go."

"In what way?" I inquired.

"She has never sung for any of the Americans here, but for French, English, or foreigners of any other nationality she will always appear; and her voice and style are really quite out of the common. She would have succeeded well in public, I feel certain."

"Strange!" I said. "What belongings has she?"

"That I really do not know," replied my sister. "I have heard her mention her father, but I do not feel sure that he lives with her. She never goes anywhere before nine in the evening, or stays after eleven. She has a little brougham, and at night a young maid-servant is always in it. She seems to have no acquaintances, and not to wish for any. I confess the slight mystery piques me a little, as we usually learn the histories of the girls' teachers so quickly."

"She is probably very poor," suggested I, "and does not wish to display her want of means to all beholders."

"I think not," was the reply. "I should judge her to be comfortably circumstanced as far as money goes."

The conversation ended, and as I had not seen the lady, the matter faded from my mind. One day I came back from a visit earlier than I expected, as he was summoned away, and on opening the door of my sister's "flat," I heard some one singing, with a voice so pure, so melodious, so round and full, that I stood transfixed. The opening words of a serenade, filled the vestibule with wistful, longing tones, and a soft accompaniment on piano and violin harmonised to perfection. It was only for a few bars, however, for Lucy's little voice took up the strain, and the spell was broken. I went to the morning-room in search of my sister, and asked if it were "La Filomela" I had heard; a needless question, for I knew it could be no one else, and was filled with desire to hear her again. Laura told me that most likely she would not sing any more, as she very seldom did so, and that her method of teaching was one of her peculiarities, being conducted so much more by precept than example, and yet entirely successful.

"But," she added, "I have taken tickets for a concert in aid of some charity which is to be held at the house of the Duchesse de L'Agan next week, and as 'La Filomela' is to sing two songs, you had better go with us and hear her."

"Willingly," I replied. "It would greatly please me to see the possessor of such a voice."

My nieces were delighted that I had heard their nightingale, and told me she had seated herself at the instrument to show Lucy it was possible to play the song and sing it too, and had let Mary take the violin accompaniment.

The night of the concert arrived, and then I saw "La Filomela." How shall I describe my impressions? We all know how difficult it usually is to recollect the idea we formed of those with whom we are now intimate, when our acquaintance with them was only beginning, and yet the memory of the picture this girl made on my mind is clear enough to me now. A crowded room, a fashionable audience, a popular tenor, a tremendous pianist—heat, light, perfumes, flowers—all that had made up the scene faded, as the folds of the heavy curtain at the side of the platform were parted, and a slight girlish figure appeared, dressed simply in creamy satin and with a string of pearls round her throat, and a bunch of crimson rosebuds for sole ornament. She walked gracefully, and was entirely self-possessed; when she stood before the audience, she raised her lovely grey eyes, and gravely, quietly scanned the faces of the listeners. Her manner struck me greatly; there was no trace of excitement, scarcely a sign of interest in what she had to do, yet the look she threw along the rows of seats made one feel that it was a matter of consequence to her who filled them.

She sang some music by a young amateur which had been written for her, and the composer was her accompanist. The words were sad ones, and each verse ended with a refrain. The idea was that the singer could taste love again, fame, ambition, but that remorse prevented any hope of peace: and the earnestness with which the Signorina gave "But peace, oh! nevermore," was almost terrible. When the song ceased the audience remained perfectly still for some seconds, and then a whirlwind of applause literally shook the room. No encores were permitted, owing to the length of the programme, so "La Filomela" was not seen again till her next turn came in its course, and then she sang an elaborate scena, which displayed the excellence of her training, and the beauty of her voice, but to me it was meaningless. In the first piece was the soul of the singer, in the second only the power of the songstress. After she left the room it became dark to me, and promising to return in time to escort my sister to her carriage, I went out into the starlit streets, thankful to be alone, for I realised at once what had befallen me. I, Paul Messent, wrapped up heart and soul in a profession which devours the minds and bodies of its votaries, had fallen blindly, desperately in love with this girl whom I had seen once and heard twice, and for me the world was changed.

I passed a wakeful night, but by the morning my resolution was taken and my plans made. I would seek this girl, and, if possible win her. Why should I not? I felt certain that no fault of her own caused her isolation, and for anything else I cared not at all.

A week after the concert my sister gave a musical party, and then I had a chance of speaking with La Signorina Martigny. She was sweet and gracious; and one evening's companionship seemed almost to make us friends. I went to every house I could, at which she sang, and used every means in my power to penetrate the veil of mystery with which she enveloped herself: in vain. At the end of a month I found myself more fondly attached to and more hopelessly apart from her than I could have believed possible. I had never passed her threshold, but I haunted the street in which she lived, just for the sake of seeing her enter or descend from her carriage, and gaining a smile or look of recognition.

I was becoming desperate, and meditating an avowal of my passion to her, when one afternoon my sister said, "Paul, I have been to 'La Filomela's' house."

"Indeed!" said I; "have you made any startling discoveries?"

"No," was the answer; "but I think Giulia was vexed with me."

"Why did you go?" asked I.

"I had a note from her this morning, asking if she would postpone to-morrow's lesson till Thursday," was the reply, "but that can't be, as we go to Versailles on that day, you recollect. I forgot to write to her before going out, and as I was passing the door this afternoon I sought admittance, really without giving the matter two thoughts."

"Well?" I queried, and my sister paused.

"The door was opened by a very old servant, who looked at me with surprise, but ushered me into the prettiest little sitting-room I have seen for a long time. There is no lack of comfort in her surroundings. I had time to notice that there was a large armchair near the fire, with plenty of cushions in it, and beside it a small table, with a spectacle-case and an embroidered velvet cap on it, before Giulia came in. Her manner was stiff, but she thanked me for the trouble I was taking to arrange the change of day, for which she apologised. Her father lives with her, I felt sure, and he is old and infirm."

"You ought to be a detective, Laura," said I, "with such powers of observation and deduction."

That evening as I was making my accustomed patrol in front of Giulia's house, I noticed a man tall and dark, with a pointed beard, who also walked up and down before the same residence. He looked continually at the first floor windows of No. 17, where were "La Filomela's" apartments. He was dressed as a gentleman, and looked strong, but I observed he had a slight limp. For three evenings I noticed him, and began to wonder why he was watching my darling's home, and if he were connected with the strangeness of her behavior.

On going into my sister's drawing-room a week after she had called at No. 17, Rue du Colisee, I found her and Giulia in earnest conversation. Giulia was crying and my sister seemed agitated.

"Here is Paul," she said, "we had better tell him, Signorina, he will help us."

"My father is very ill," she said, looking up at me with her eyes full of tears. "He will see no doctor. I don't know what to do."

"Tell me his symptoms," said I.

She described his sufferings, from her careful account of which I easily gathered the nature of this malady. "Have you tried such-and-such remedies?" I asked. For answer she showed me three or four prescriptions, which told me his case was a bad one, and of long standing; the only other help of which I knew, I could not order without seeing the patient.

"I believe I know a palliative," I said, "but I dare not prescribe it without seeing your father."

"He will let no one come to us," she said and I, and I could see she clasped her hands tightly, and maintained her composure with an effort. "He wishes to be quite unknown in Paris, and fears seeing any stranger, lest it should lead to his being recognised."

"But, Signorina," I said, "his condition is serious; to a doctor his patient is only a 'case.' Explain this to him; let me call this afternoon. You cannot witness his suffering without seeing it is imperative he should have help."

"I will try," she said. "Will you come at four on the chance of seeing him?"

"Assuredly," I replied. My heart ached at having to let her go with such a weight of care on her sweet face.

Laura told me that Giulia had been obliged to tell her the seclusion in which they lived was caused by the dread of their being discovered by an enemy who ruthlessly pursued them with [illegible] for revenge. She had been urged to give up the career for which she had been educated, because it made meeting so possible; and she further confided to me a secret that I knew my would give up his w[illegible] if she would consent to marry me, but that she could not do.

The next few hours passed slowly to me, and yet my spirits rose. Surely this chance would bring me nearer my darling. I could undertake her father's case with confidence, for his disease was one I had specially studied, and success in dealing with which had been the chief cause of my gaining with somewhat unusual rapidity a large practice.

At four o'clock I was admitted to the patient, whom I found suffering under a distressing paroxysm of his malady, and I was thankful to be of use to him. At length he fell asleep, and I persuaded Giulia to leave him to the care of their old servant, and to take some rest. She was engaged to sing that evening at the house where I had first seen her; she told me the duchess was to have a large party, and counted on her presence, and as she had been one of her earliest, and was always one of her kindest friends, she was anxious to keep her appointment. I could assure you I thought her father would suffer no more for the present, but bid them her that his case was desperate, and the end not far distant, though I apprehended no immediate danger. She consented to allow me to sit with him during her absence at the concert, and I promised to go to the Rue Bel Perpino, where the duchess lived, to meet her as she left, and convey the latest news of the patient.

My watch by the old man's side soon passed; he was dreadfully weak, but talked to me apparently with confidence. He said that with his death, Giulia's life would change, and that he believed it would be a happy thing for his darling when he was taken. "She will not think so," he added in his feeble voice, "we love each other so dearly."

Before eleven I took my way down the Avenue Friedland, to the Rue Bel Perpino; the duchess' house was near the corner, and as I was early I did not enter the street, but walked up and down. It was April, and the soft spring night was delicious. There had been a shower, and the pavements gleamed in the lamp-light; carriages were rolling to and fro, but of pedestrians there were few. I saw Giulia's brougham waiting near the turning to the street; the driver's face was towards me, so I quickly recognised him; he was conversing with a man who leant against the lamp-post close by, and whose head was raised so that the light fell strongly on him for a moment. I saw a black-pointed beard, and needed not that he should move away with a slight limp to enable me to recognise the stranger who had been watching "La Filomela" dwelling. I felt that I must learn [illegible] of him, so I begged for a seat in the carriage that I might go home with her. She seemed surprised when I accompanied her into the house and asked her to give me a few minutes' conversation. She went to look at her father, who was sleeping peacefully, and then came back to me. I plunged at once into the subject, and told her I thought she ought to be warned about this man whom I had seen watching her house and talking to her coachman; when I described him, and mentioned the limp with which he walked, she sank into a chair, and became so white, I feared she would faint. Her dilated eyes had such a look of terror and anguish in them, that I could not forbear taking one of her cold hands in mine, and saying earnestly—

"Signorina, trust me! tell me your secret; I implore you to let me try and help you."

"I will! I must!" she cried, "I can bear it no longer alone. This man whom you have seen is Seth Walton, our enemy; my father wronged him; he was agent in New York for him; his own business was grievously unsuccessful, and he took some of Mr. Walton's money. It was to give me the three years' education in Rome, which would enable me to sing in public. He hoped to repay it before it was necessary to settle accounts, but could not. Mr Walton discovered it, and came to us in Vienna; it was the night of my first concert; how well I remember it! I had made a success, and when we reached our home this man was waiting for us; and I heard what father had done. Since then we have wandered about. We are Americans, and our name is really Martin—mine, Judith. We have tried to hide, and have been in many cities, and I have shunned my country-people everywhere, but still he has always found us. He threatens to have my father arrested—unless I marry him. Ah!" she said, with a broken sob, "I cannot do that—death would be preferable—we must go away again."

"Will he not take the money and relinquish his revenge?" I asked.

"No," she said; "of course we have offered him that—nay, thrice the sum—and the amount is lying at the bankers' in New York; but he holds proofs of the deed, and seems to care only to be avenged."

This was indeed terrible, and I could only implore her to let me see this man if he should attempt to invade their home. I left her, promising to come early on the morrow.

I told Laura the sad history, and we agreed that she had better next day go to the Rue du Colisee in the morning, and that we should try to keep watch all day. At ten o'clock we were there, and I found, to my sorrow, that a change had taken place in Mr. Martin's condition. He was sinking rapidly, and a few hours might see the end. I was obliged to tell Judith as gently as I could, and she bore the news bravely.

It was as I had surmised; by the evening Robert Martin's sins and sorrows were over, and I gazed at the calm features almost with thankfulness. His face looked much younger than it had done in life, but there was a weak expression on it, even in death. Judith's grief was sad to witness, but she was patient exceedingly, and permitted me to arrange for her all details, as if I were an old and trusted friend.

I went to her house on some business the afternoon after the death, and hearing she was sleeping, I asked that I might go into the sitting-room to write a note. The old servant was out, but Jodi'th's little maid showed me in, and gave me what I needed.

I was busy writing when there was a loud ring at the outer door, a rough voice said, "I shall enter; let me pass, go!" the door was flung open, and Seth Walton came rudely in. He paused a moment in surprise at seeing me, but began coarsely—

"I know that Robert Martin lives here; I insist on seeing him!"

I stood up and gazed at this man; a grim idea came to me. "You shall see him!" I replied, and opened the door of the room where all that remained of the poor old man was lying; his white bed decked with flowers. Turning down the covering I showed to Seth Walton the features of him who had injured him.

"Foiled!" he exclaimed, as he fell back against the wall. Almost immediately he recovered, however, and without more words left the room and the house.

Little remains to tell. I won my darling, and Seth Walton with his threats and terrors has vanished from our lives. He accepted the money of which he had been defrauded, calculating to the last penny the interest due thereon, and he is prosperous in his native land; while in all London cannot be found a happier couple than "La Filomela" and her hardly-worked husband.

The Changed Brides.

WHEN Rashi, the celebrated interpreter of the Bible, and Talmud, grew old, he wished to know whom he should have as comrade in Paradise; for he thought the pious were to sit in pairs there. After he had fasted and prayed for a long time, God revealed to him in a dream that his future companion would be Abraham ben Gerson, of Barcelona.

As soon as Rashi learned this, he felt a great desire to make the acquaintance of his future neighbor in this life, and with this in view he set out for Barcelona. On his arrival there, he inquired for the said Abraham Gerson. There was no such person to be found among the pious daily visitors of the temple. He stayed over Sabbath; he sought among all who came to the synagogue, but there was no Abraham ben Gerson in the throng. "Perhaps," suggested some one at last, "you mean Don Abraham, the rich Jew?" How do you come to be seeking such a heathen? You certainly will not visit him, rabbi?"

But Rashi started off to find Don Abraham. As he stood before his house, he was much surprised. It was a splendid house.

"Is that a dwelling for a son of our race?" thought the rabbi, shaking his head. But his astonishment grew, the further he went. Servants in gold-embroidered livery sped hither and yon, fine gentlemen and ladies came and went, splendid carriages rolled into the courtyard; everything was in motion and gave proof of a gay life. The rabbi came near turning away, his purpose unfulfilled. Fully expecting to be turned away, he spoke to a servant, who, however, led him with the greatest politeness up a wide marble stairway into a richly-furnished room, where he bade him wait while he told Don Abraham. While he waited the rabbi said to himself: "Well, there are curious things in this world. Here is a wicked Jew, a despiser of the law, living in royal splendor; in other places I have seen pious, God-fearing men, struggling in the most bitter want, perishing in misery and oppression. What do these rich men want of a Paradise, who enjoy one already on earth? If the Pharisees go to heaven, why must the pious deny themselves?"

Then the door opened, and a tall, handsome man, came towards the rabbi. "I feel myself highly honored with a visit from the celebrated rabbi," said he, "allow me the pleasure of keeping you a long time as my guest."

The rabbi was so astounded by this reception, that he could find no words at first. The courteous host noticed his embarrassment, and said: "You are no doubt surprised at such luxury in a Jewish house."

"No," replied the rabbi, "not at the riches am I surprised, nor at the splendor, but that you are not in the least grateful to the giver, that you——"

"Ah, now I know what you are aiming at, dear rabbi," interrupted the man with a smiling gesture; "but spare your pains. I have chosen my mode of life and beg you to stay here a while, to watch it very closely. To-morrow is my daughter's wedding; be present at the feast."

"Your daughter's wedding? No doubt you will have a rich son-in-law?"

"No, he is a poor, but ambitious young man, whom I love as a son."

That softened the rabbi somewhat, but he continued in a stern voice: "No, I wish to have nothing to do with you, unless you have sworn repentance and improvement, and attend to your salvation."

"I hope to be saved, just as surely as you," answered the host calmly. The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who said a poor woman wished to speak with Don Abraham.

"I will come at once," said the host.

"A poor woman!" exclaimed the rabbi; "your daughter's wedding is to-morrow, and you have not remembered the poor yet, but let them come to you and beg!"

"My dear rabbi, that you may not think evil of me nor do me injustice, you shall ask the woman yourself."

Then they went together into the room where the poor woman was waiting; but she answered the rabbi's question: "Gifts enough are divided among the poor, I am not come after any gift."

The rabbi was glad that his future comrade was, at least, benevolent to the poor. Don Abraham asked her now himself how he could help her. "With advice." "Speak, and be assured that I will gladly help you," answered Don Abraham.

"I am a poor widow," said the woman, "and can scarcely support myself and four children. My only hope was in the betrothed of my daughter Miriam; but now he has chosen a rich bride and deserted my daughter."

"Woman," said Don Abraham, "why do you come to me for counsel? Have I any power over the young man?"

"Yes, you have, sir; for to-morrow he is to be united forever to your daughter!"

Don Abraham turned pale. After a long pause, he said to the woman: "The matter shall be examined into, and if what you have said is true, you shall have satisfaction. Now go home comforted."

"That is an unpleasant affair," said the rabbi, "you will have to treat with the maiden and her mother."

Don Abraham answered dryly: "If you will be present at my daughter's wedding to-morrow, you shall learn the end of this unpleasant business."

Rashi was not able to close his eyes all night, he was so curious as to the result, and the next day, just as soon as politeness allowed, he hastened to the palace. Here everything was bustle and stir, a crowd of guests from all stations of life thronged around, and it was with difficulty that he reached Don Abraham, who was surrounded by the dignitaries of the city, but welcomed the rabbi most courteously. The ceremony began. A canopy overhung the marble-paved court; the groom was led under this with music and surrounded by torch-bearers; the bride, arrayed in white and veiled, was escorted by two stately matrons with a great company of bridesmaids. The marriage service and vows were now read aloud, the groom placed his ring on the finger of the bride and crushed a glass, whereupon the guests broke forth in noisy congratulations.

Now Don Abraham drew near to the bride and raised the veil from her face.

"Miriam!" shrieked the groom, and fell over insensible.

The wedding guests stood there as if turned into stone; for the bride was not Don Abraham's daughter, but the daughter of the poor woman.

"I must explain this riddle to you," said Don Abraham, turning to his guests. "This girl was formerly engaged to this man. I have united them, but I did not know it. Out of gratitude, because I loved him, and in the hope of being able to improve the lot of his mother and brethren, he granted my wish and agreed to marry my daughter. Only yesterday did I learn the facts in the case. But no young woman shall be put to shame and made unhappy by me. So take her instead of my daughter, and be happy."

The company was deeply moved, and stood speechless.

"And as far as the dowry is concerned," continued Don Abraham, "of course we shall not break what is agreed to in the document."

The rabbi was not able to contain himself any longer. He exclaimed, with tears in his eyes:

"Yes, you are worthy to sit with me in Paradise, indeed, I am rejoicing already at the prospect of your companionship!"

Then he told the guests about his dream.

THE CAVE MEN.—There never was a time since man first inhabited the earth, when men were entirely ignorant of art. As soon as we find any evidence whatsoever of man's presence in the world, we also find evidence of several early arts. The oldest human remains in Europe are those of the French and English caves. These caves were inhabited by men at a time when the climate of Northern Europe was far colder than it is at present; when wild reindeer roamed over the plains of the Thames and the Seine; when lions, hyenas and mammoths lurked about our hills, and when the hippopotamus still basked during the brief summer in the waters of our rivers. The relics of this ancient race are now dug up from under the floor of the caverns in which they lived at so remote a period that even in the earliest known human dwellings we find abundant signs of varied artistic taste.

Not only do we discover among their remains the beautifully polished bone needles with which they sewed together their coats of fur, and the red clay which they employed to paint their bodies and perhaps their basket work; but we also find primitive works of sculpture drawing which would not wholly disgrace a modern hand. The men of the reindeer period showed their love for decorate art by collecting fossil shells and colored pebbles, which they drilled and strung together into rude necklets, often not without a considerable display of simple taste. Though they did not know the use of metals, and had no tools except roughly chipped bits of flint, yet their stone arrow heads and lances are often very prettily shaped; while the materials in many cases are carefully chosen from red jasper, or other clear and bright colored stone. Their bone harpoons are well and regularly cut, and barbs are neatly arranged on either side with a perfect symmetry which distinctly marks artistic care. Moreover, several necklaces have been discovered made of the large and smooth teeth of animals, on the sides of which have been carved the figures of seals and bears.

When we recollect that all their more perishable products, such as skin coats, baskets, or stained woodwork, must long since have decayed in the moist earth, we can see at once that even amongst these very ancient cave men, decorative art had already developed considerably. But the imitative arts of the cave men were even more remarkable that their decoration. We possess several excellent bits of drawing or sculpture left behind by this early race in its refuse heaps. Most of these specimens of early artistic effort are figures of animals, roughly scratched with flakes of flint on fragments of reindeer horn or mammoth tusk, as well as on the flat stone known as schist. One such drawing represents the mammoth himself engraved on a piece of his own ivory—a huge hairy elephant, with long curved tusks and stout trunk.

Another shows us the ibex, with his graceful horns; while a third depicts the naked hunter himself, creeping up to a herd of wild bulls. Reindeer, however, form the commonest subjects, and they are sometimes treated with real spirit. For the most curious thing about these very early human sketches is this—that they are not stiff, constrained and lifeless, like the animals drawn by our own children and by most modern savages. One sketch of a reindeer feeding among tall grass, discovered in a French cavern, might almost be taken for a rough study by a very young artist amongst ourselves. The high quality of artistic freedom is found already in the bud in these primeval works.

PROMPTNESS.—Half the value of anything to be done consists in doing it promptly. And yet a large [illegible] of persons are almost always more or less unpunctual and late. Their work is always in advance of them, and so it is in their engagements. They are late in rising in the morning, and in going to bed at night; late at their meals; late at the counting-house or office; late at church; late at their appointments with others. Their letters are sent to the post-office just as the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just as the steamboat is leaving. They come into the station just as the train is going out. They do not entirely forget or omit the engagement or the duty, but they are always behind time, and so are in haste, or rather in a hurry, as if they had been born a little too late, and forever were trying to catch up with the lost time. They waste time for themselves, and waste it for others, and fail of the comfort and influence and success which they might have found in systematic and habitual punctuality. A good old lady, who was asked why she was so early in her seat in church, is said to have replied that it was part of her religion not to disturb the religion of others. And if it were with all a part both of courtesy and duty, not to any of religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save time for themselves as well as to others, and aid themselves to success and influence in a thousand ways.

HOPE is the rainbow of life.

Our Young Folks.

THE CREAKING DOOR.

BY E. P. SPENCER.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

BOTH the men went to the place, and rummaged about, and found a little old box without a lock. They opened it, and there were two or three handkerchiefs, and such like things, and, right at the bottom, the queen's beautiful embroidered pouch. Pastern held it up, and Fetlock, who was dreadfully jealous of him, stuffed his hand into it directly.

"Hallo!" said he, "nothing but half-a-dozen old brown stones!"

"You know nothing about it," said Pastern. "Enchanted money always looks like that by daylight.

"So it does, in course," said Fetlock, trying to behave as if he had had to do with it every day of his life. But he felt Pastern was so much cleverer than he was, that he waited for him to speak next.

"I think I'll take one or two of them stones," said Pastern, very quietly.

"What for?" said Fetlock.

"Oh, just for curiosity, that's all. Now, old boy, make haste and help us to put all this back again."

"I think I'll take some of them, too," said Fetlock.

"Where's the use?" said Pastern. "If we take too many he'll suspect us, and then we shall never hear the end on't."

But Fetlock was not to be so pacified. He saw Pastern meant somehow or other to get the better of him, and go off on this adventure without him; and the end of it was a quarrel, in which Pastern gave him such a bad black eye that he was not fit to be seen for a week, besides which, he sprained his ankle so in one of the holes in the rotten old floor, that it was as much as ever he could do to crawl down stairs, and so he was obliged to let Pastern have his way, and go instead of him. He told everyone that the accident was in consequence of a kick from a horse; and Sunflower, who had a kind heart, was very sorry for him, and gave him a guinea out of his own pocket.

Well, the next full moon, Pastern lay in wait for Peter Perkins just as Fetlock had done, and followed him along and along in the moonlight, taking care never to be seen, keeping close up among the bushes for fear Peter should turn round, and walking softly on the grass at the roadside for fear he should be heard. He did not know that every little yellow frog at the road side was calling out "Croak, croak, croak, beware of mischievous folk," and that Peter heard and understood it all as well as possible. At last they came to the river, and the swallow flew round and round as before chirping "Tis late, 'tis late, beware of thy fate." But just as the ferryman was on the point of pushing off, Pastern sprang up one of the little brown stones to catch. It glittered like a bright silver coin in the moonlight. But the ferryman shook his head. "What do you say to this?" said Pastern, holding up the other, which shone like a beautiful piece of gold. The ferryman nodded his head, and Pastern leaped into the ferry-boat. All this while Peter took no notice of him, but gazed steadily at the full moon. On and on they went in the boat, till at last they came to high mountains which cast inky black shadows over them, and by and bye the boat floated into a dark tunnel under the hills where was no light, save from a lamp hung at the boat's prow, which Pastern had not noticed before. He was terribly frightened, for it seemed to him as if they were going deep into the bowels of the earth, and Peter's voice as he spoke, and the ferryman's as he answered him, had an awful echoing sound. Pastern's heart began to die within him. He almost wished that Peter would turn round and scold him.

At last the boat grated hard against a marble quay—the ferryman flung out a chain, and someone caught hold of it, and rang a bell which tinkled away and away into the darkness of the echoing vaults, and over the waveless water till it sounded like a thousand bells ringing instead of one. Then a great door burst open, and a blaze of dazzling light appeared. First Peter got out, and Pastern followed him. No one spoke to or noticed him, but he almost wished he had staid behind when he saw how angry the man looked at the door; and how Peter, instead of seeming pleased and cheerful, looked very grave and anxious. "You are to come before the presence of our master directly," said the porter at the door; and Peter obeyed, while Pastern slunk after him, trying to keep out of sight as much as possible. It was a great hall, all of black and white, with marble pillars, and at one end of it, on a throne, sat the enchanter who was the master of it all. He was very ugly and fierce-looking, and he called out in a harsh voice to Peter—"So, miscreant, thou hast again thwarted my spell." Beside him stood the barber boy, accusing Peter of having been the cause of his failure in enchanting Sunflower, and of having taken and burnt his harp. "What hast thou to say in answer to all this," said the enchanter, shaking his ebony club angrily, and looking furiously at Peter, who stood very pale, but very brave, looking straight at him.

"Nothing," said Peter, very calmly; "you sent me there on a wicked errand, but the good heart in me would not let me do it, and I cannot say otherwise than this."

"Then, executioner, do your office," said the enchanter, "and teach him what it is to disobey me." At that moment Pastern noticed a little ugly woman, almost as black as a negress, and the ugliest he had ever seen, rush forward, and throw herself on her knees at the enchanter's feet.

"O father, father," she said, "for my sake have pity on him. See how young and weak he is, for my sake do not be so cruel to him."

But the enchanter pushed her sobbing away, and bade her begone to her own chamber; and the executioner came forward and tied Peter to one of the marble columns and stripped off his coat, and flogged him so severely that he all but fainted away. As Peter was being removed by the attendants, so weak that he could only breathe, the executioner turned round and caught sight of Pastern, and asked what he was to do to him?

Then a whisper went round them all that this was none of their folk, but a stranger who had thrust himself in without leave amongst them; and the enchanter fixed his dreadful eye upon him and turned him into an otter, and he went tapping and splashing with his web feet along the stone pavement, hunted by all the men and boys, till at last he plunged into the black canal; and there, perhaps, he is now. This was the end of Pastern, and if Fetlock could have known of it, he would have thought himself well-off by comparison.

You will now want to know who this cruel enchanter was. He was called the King of the Black Waters, and he had once been in love with Queen Rosalind, and had forced her parents to say she should marry him. But as he was carrying her off to his palace through a great wilderness, King Raymond rode by, and, hearing her weep, had pity upon her, and released her, and made her his queen, which made them both very happy. But the King of the Black Waters was determined to be revenged. He had a daughter about as old as Sunflower, and though she was very ugly, as we have seen, he determined that Sunflower should marry her. So he tried all kinds of ways to entrap him. First he commanded one of his servants to go and pretend to serve the king, but, as we have seen, this had the contrary effect to what he intended, for Peter Perkins had a good heart, though he was the slave of this cruel enchanter; and, besides this, the enchanter's daughter, Morella, ugly as she was, in which she took after her father, had also a good heart, in which she took after her dead mother, and could not bear that any one should be made miserable on her account; and it was she who had begged Peter to do all he could to save Prince Sunflower from the misfortunes which the enchanter was trying to bring upon him. As Peter lay there in a small vaulted room, on a sort of stone couch covered with straw, aching in every joint, and ready to faint with pain and exhaustion, he heard a little quick footstep outside the door was pushed open, and the Princess Morella entered, bearing a goblet of red wine and some wheaten cakes in her little thin, brown hands. Her eyes were wet with crying, which made her if anything, rather uglier than usual; and she came and stood over Peter, and told him how grieved she was that he had suffered all this on her account. And she made him taste the cake and the wine, after which he revived a little, and he thanked her very much for all her kindness.

"Do not thank me," said she, "it is I who have to thank you for all you have done for my sake. And it breaks my heart to think of all you have suffered; but ever since you brought me that portrait of Prince Sunflower, with his happy face and his beautiful coat that his mother embroidered for him, and I thought how she would pine away at his loss, and instead of marrying some beautiful princess, married to me, whom no one could ever be happy to be with."

"How can you speak thus, fair princess?" exclaimed Peter, half springing from his couch, and ready to throw himself at her feet. For the truth was, the wine was a magic wine, and he who drank of it always believed the person who gave it to him to be most beautiful and lovable—and Peter now thought the Princess Morella the loveliest woman he had ever seen. But she did not know this, and only thought he was laughing at her.

"There is one trial more," said she, "and on that everything will depend; you may go back to-morrow to King Raymond's castle. He has found a beautiful princess—the most beautiful in the world, whom Prince Sunflower is to marry; but my father will do all he can to hinder it. But this time you will be able to do nothing." She sighed deeply as she said this, for she knew that it was with no kind intent that Peter was sent back; and added: "And may good fortune be with you, faithful Peter, though now it seems as if ill-fortune were dogging your steps—ill-fortune that I have brought upon you. But take this ring and put it upon the forefinger of your right hand whenever you want my aid, and I'll not fail to bestow it."

She smiled and left him, and he fell into a sound sleep. And the next day Peter woke up and found himself lying in his truckle bed in the loft at King Raymond's castle. One of the grooms was standing by his bedside.

"Wake up, lazy loon!" said he. "Dost thou not hear the music playing and the people shouting, and see the flags flying out of the window, and all because the princess is coming?"

"What, the princess who is to marry Prince Sunflower?" said Peter, rubbing his eyes.

"Nay and who could have told thee that?" said he.

"Oh, I—I dreamt it, I suppose," said Peter, sitting up, in some pain, and gazing drowsily about the loft.

"Fetlock's raved and teared about the place like a madman," said the ostler; "and Pastern's nowhere to be found—has not been seen since the day before yesterday."

"Oh, poor Pastern!" said Peter, in such a tone that it astonished his companion, who, however, took no further notice of it, for everything was hurry and bustle.

They were just in time to get down and into their proper places to welcome the young princess, who came riding in with Sunflower by her side. The horse had a crimson velvet saddle, and little gold bells hanging from the bridle, and she was all in pale rose-colored silk, with a wreath of roses on her head, and her long fair hair floating down to her waist. Behind her came a troop of beautiful maidens; but there was one old duenna, all in black, on an iron-grey horse, who rode next to the princess. The princess was all delightful blushes and smiles, and sometimes tears as well; and Sunflower looked as proud and happy as a man could be. The old duenna was very pale, and had thin lips, and a smile that looked as if she had settled upon it at her glass when she got up in the morning, along with her cap, and never meant to alter either of them all day.

The trumpets, and drums, and fifes, and fiddles, and flageolets all burst into a grand strain of music as the procession reached the castle. Twelve little boys and as many little girls, the loveliest children that ever were seen came and danced and sang, and threw flowers from golden baskets. The king and queen hastened downstairs and embraced their daughter that was to be, and the king led her on his arm, while the queen was going to follow with Prince Sunflower.

"Oh, Donna Leonora," said the Princess giving a glance over her shoulder as she went up the great marble staircase.

"I'd better give her my arm, hadn't I, mother?" said Prince Sunflower, who was the most good-natured fellow in the world.

And the queen had to fall back on the Lord Chamberlain.

A nice little collation of chocolate and sweetmeats had been put ready for the princess in the queen's own apartment (just to last her till the time of the great banquet), and thither they all went. The princess' little feet sounded like music on the threshold, but the lord Chamberlain felt the queen shudder from head to foot as Donna Leonora followed her—the door creaked then as it had never done before.

"Mother, you don't seem quite comfortable," said Prince Sunflower, as he handed her a cup of chocolate.

"Sunflower, your princess is perfection, but I can't bear that dreadful woman she had with her."

"Sh-sh, mother, she's looking at you," and Sunflower, in a whisper, which wasn't much of a whisper, for he had no idea of managing his voice.

And, sure enough, though the queen had only made sure she was looking out of the window a moment before, there she was, gazing at them with a smile which they had already began to get tired of. The poor queen, sitting there in her own favorite chair, already felt as if nothing in the room belonged to her—certainly not Sunflower—and even her husband she did not feel very sure of.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MAN WITH THE UMBRELLA.—Romieu, a famous Parisian wit, was one day caught in a shower, and forced to seek refuge in a neighboring doorway. It was six o'clock already, and he had an important engagement at the Cafe de Paris for that very hour.

The rain fell in torrents. There was no carriage to be had. He had no umbrella. What was to be done?

While lamenting his bad luck, a gentleman with a large umbrella passed along the walk. Romieu was seized with a sudden inspiration.

He rushed out, grasped the stranger by the arm, and gravely installed himself under the protecting umbrella.

"I am overjoyed to see you," he immediately began. "I have been looking for you for two weeks. I wanted to tell you about Clementine."

Without giving the stranger time to express his surprise, Romieu rattled away with gossip and anecdote, until he had led the unknown companion to the door of the Cafe de Paris. Then he glanced at him with a face of well-feigned surprise and astonishment.

"Pardon, monsieur," he cried, "it seems I am not known."

"I'm inclined to think you are," said the stranger.

"Good gracious!" added Romieu, seemingly horrified, "be discreet; please don't repeat what I have told you. A thousand pardons!"

The stranger said it was all right, and passed on.

Romieu hastened into the cafe, and amid great laughter told his friends of the adventure. Suddenly one of them said:

"Your watch is stopped."

Romieu put his hand to his neck, and found that the chain, a valuable sapphire, was gone. On further examination his pocket-book and watch were both found to be missing. He went with the umbrella with a purpose!

BETWEEN three and four thousand horses die every week in London.

Johnny has stumped his toe, poor fellow! Take this 25 cents and buy a bottle of Salvation Oil.

HAS that Tom Cat scratched my darling's face? Rub it, Freddy, with Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents.

ON DUELLING.

WHEN it ceased to be the fashion to wear swords in the last century, pistols were soon substituted for personal encounters. This made duelling far less amusing, more dangerous, and proportionally less popular. The duel in England received practically its death blow with the new articles of war of 1844, which discredited the practice in the army by offering gentlemen facilities for public explanation, apology or arbitration in the presence of their commanding officer. But previous to this "the duel of satisfaction" had assumed the most preposterous forms. Parties agreed to draw lots for pistols, and to fight the one with a loaded, the other with an unloaded weapon. This affair of honor (?) was always at short distances and "pointblank," and the loser was usually killed.

Another plan was to go into a dark room together and begin firing. There is a beautiful and pathetic story told of two men, the one a "kind" man, and the other a "timid" man, who found themselves unhappily bound to fight, and chose the dark room duel. The kind man had to fire first, and not wishing to hurt his adversary, groped his way to the chimney piece, and, placing the muzzle of his pistol straight up the chimney, pulled the trigger, when, to his consternation, with a frightful yell, down came his adversary, the timid man, who had selected that fatal hiding place. Another grotesque form was the medical duel, one swallowing a pill made of bread, the other swallowing one made of poison. When this point was reached public opinion not unnaturally took a turn for the better, and resolved to stand by the old obsolete law against duelling, whilst enacting new by-laws for the army, which, of course, resolved powerfully, with a sort of professional authority, upon the practice of belligerent civilians.

The duel was originally a mere trial of might, like our prize fight; it was so used by armies and nations, as in the case of David and Goliath, or as when Charles V. challenged Charlemagne to single combat. But in mediæval times it got to be also used as a test of right, the feeling of a judicial trial by ordeal, entering into the struggle between two persons, each claiming the right on his side. The judicial trial by ordeal was abandoned in the reign of Elizabeth, but the practice of private duelling has survived in spite of hostile legislation, and is exceedingly popular in France down to the present day.

ON THE HIGHWAY.—About the middle of the last century a Scottish lawyer had occasion to visit London. At that period such journeys were usually performed on horseback, and the traveler might either ride post, or, if wishing to travel economically, he bought a horse before setting out, and sold it at the end of his journey.

The lawyer had chosen the latter mode of traveling, and sold the animal on which he rode from Scotland as soon as he arrived in London.

With a view to his return, he went to Smithfield to purchase a horse. About dusk a handsome one was offered at so cheap a rate that he suspected the soundness of the animal; but, being able to discover no blemish, he became the purchaser.

Next morning he set out on his journey. The horse had excellent paces; and our traveler, while riding over the first few miles where the road is well frequented, did not fail to congratulate himself on his good fortune, which led him to make so advantageous a purchase.

They arrived at last at Finchley Common, and, at a place where the road ran down a slight slope and up another, the lawyer met a clergyman driving a one-horse chaise. There was nobody within sight, and the horse, by his conduct instantly betrayed the profession of his former owner.

Instead of pursuing his journey, he ran close up to the chaise and stopped, having no doubt that his rider would embrace every opportunity for exercising his calling. The clergyman, assured of the same supposition, produced his purse unasked, and assured the astonished lawyer that it was quite unnecessary to draw his pistol, as he did not intend to offer any resistance.

The traveler refilled his horse, and with many apologies to the gentleman he had so innocently and unwittingly affronted, pursued his journey. They had not proceeded far till the horse again made the same suspicious approach to a coach, from the window of which a blunderbuss was levelled, with denunciations of death and destruction to the hapless and perplexed rider.

In short, after his life had been several times endangered by the suspicions to which the conduct of his horse gave rise, and he had been often threatened by the petty officers, who were disposed to apprehend him as the notorious highwayman who had been the former owner of the horse, the lawyer was obliged to part with the well-trained but ill-bred animal at a low price, and to purchase for a high sum one less beautiful, but not accustomed to such dangerous habits.

A Chinese orange, weighing two and an eighth pounds, and measuring nineteen inches in circumference lengthwise, and seventeen the shorter way, was recently taken from a tree growing in the yard of a Marysville, Cal., citizen.

WE sincerely believe that every case of pulmonary disease, not already beyond the reach of human aid, may, if promptly treated, be relieved and cured by the faithful use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

HER LIFE.

BY SUSANNA J.

Her life is like a harvest-day
That hath no hour unoccupied;
With even step she goes her way,
Nor casts a look aside.

So busy with her household ways
And cares pertaining to her lot,
Say has she known no brighter days,
Or are they all forgot?

She lives so far removed, it seems,
From fashion, gaiety, or ease;
I wonder if she ever dreams
Of pleasures such as these?

Or does her life—stream, clear and low,
Glide thus a level plain along,
Without a sparkle in its flow
Or murmur in its song?

Or can it be that in the Past
The heights of joy, the depths of pain
Were hers when Life was overcast
And all its beauty slain?

It may be in those gentle eyes
A shadow rests of tears unshed.
And in her heart some sorrow lies
Untold, though long since dead.

But in a useful life like hers
Such thoughts are best in silence lain;
Our sorrows are God's messengers,
And none are sent in vain.

BRIGHT AND SHINING.

THE natives of India, we are told, will not look at our jewelry; they say it's bad. They have been used to the soft, delicate color of the virgin gold, and they despise ornaments which are made of a mixture of gold and baser metal.

But we find that gold needs an alloy to make it preserve clear, sharp outlines, and to make it stand the wear and tear of actual use; and so, in human character, it almost seems as if our ideal of perfection would not be hard enough, and strong enough, for the work of this troublesome world.

Whether this be so or not, it is certain that people very seldom succeed in finding their ideal, and yet many many will go on for years hoping to discover an impossible perfection, despising the good things that are within their reach, and finally putting up with a very inferior article, or going without altogether.

Many a girl, for example, insists upon having a hero for a husband, or at least some one who matches her conception of what a husband ought to be. She knows that if she listened to nature, she could return Dick's affection, but she closes her heart against him simply because he is rather short of stature, and by no means handsome.

Tom is a very decent fellow, she admits, but his family is not quite on a level with her own. Harry is warm-hearted, but his best friends are forced to admit that he is far from brilliant. Ned is clever enough, but he is too fond of his tobacco, rather careless in his dress, and rough in his manners.

While she is criticising, her summer goes by, and the fairy prince does not come. Many a young man makes just the same blunder.

Nothing will please him but an angel in woman's shape. She must be beautiful as the day; she must have a certain complexion, and have golden, or auburn, or raven, tresses, as the case may be. She must be well educated, and be able to talk politics, and read the best reviews. She must be a good housekeeper, and have an economical turn of mind. She must have no relations beneath his station in life, or objectionable in any other way. And above all things, she must be a very saint in temper, in constancy, in patience, in yielding to the wishes of others.

He hardly considers sufficiently whether he is quite the man to make a suitable husband for an angel. Of course, he does not find one; but he lets dozens of good, amiable, clever girls, who could make his life happy, go by without an effort to win one of them; and, like the butterfly in the fable, he lets the winter of his life come on, and finds himself still unloved and lonely.

In the same way, some folks are very hard to please about their servants. A good servant is a treasure, but many a lady parts with a trustworthy servant simply because she will not put up with a little necessary alloy. Either she cooks badly, or she is too much of a gossip, or she is slow, or she is deaf and tiresome.

It may be very true, but there are worse faults than these; and a mistress will do well to put up with a good, useful eighteen karat article, if she has not lighted upon absolute perfection. Now-a-days even fifteen karat is not to be despised.

Most of the unreasonable kind of people we have mentioned, have recipes of their own for changing the baser parts of their neighbors' composition into the pure metal.

An alchemist once declared that he had discovered the great secret, the philosopher's stone, which would turn lead, iron, or any other mineral into gold. He sought an audience with Pope Leo X., disclosed his invention at great length, and then stood anxiously waiting for his reward. The Pope handed him a large empty purse. "You can easily fill it for yourself, sir," said His Holiness, with a gracious smile.

Exactly so. These good folks, as a rule, are not so fond of applying their invaluable recipes to their own characters.

It is very provoking of some people, who are very pure gold—twenty-two karat, let us say—that they will not keep the surface bright. They let the beautiful color lie hidden under dirt and stains, till it is only one out of a dozen who can give them credit for being what they are.

They almost seem to think that politeness, civil speeches, bright looks, agreeable ways, are in themselves a mark of insincerity or shallowness of feeling.

They forget that beauty is, after all, the natural dress of goodness; that grace of manner is the only fitting accompaniment of a gracious soul.

This is so common, that some humbugs affect rather a bluff, brusque, ungracious style; soft ways would look too suspicious. There is nothing of moral worth in roughness or snappishness. No jewel was ever more valuable for being dirty and discolored; on the contrary, gold itself will hardly pass for its true value—it even fails to fulfil one end of its being—if it is not kept bright and shining.

Grains of Gold.

The soul of woman lives in love.

Deliberate slowly, execute promptly.

Eat a peck of salt with a man before you trust him.

All that lies betwixt the cradle and grave is uncertain.

Deep rivers move in silence; shallow brooks are noisy.

Defaming or slandering others is the greatest of all sins.

There never was a mask so gay, but some tears were shed behind it.

Many wonderful things appear in nature, but nothing more wonderful than man.

It is seldom that a great talker wants enemies; the man of sense speaks little, and hears much.

Our happiness depends less upon the art of pleasing than it does upon a uniform disposition to please.

A multitude of laws in a country is like a great number of physicians—a sign of weakness and malady.

A keen man is very seldom honest, for he cuts through honesty to get to the bottom of his transaction.

Have you not observed that faith is generally strongest in those whose character may be called the weakest?

Duty of every kind has in it the elements of pleasure, and, if we do not discover and appropriate them, it is our own fault.

Human nature is pliable: and perhaps the pleasantest surprises of life are found in discovering the things we can do when forced.

The joys of the Christian are incomprehensible to those who have not tasted them, and yet they are the only real ones in the universe.

Man is, properly speaking, based upon hope; he has no other possession but hope; this world of his is emphatically the place of hope.

There is no business, no avocation whatever, which will not permit a man, who has the inclination, to give a little time, every day, to study.

There are dark shadows on the earth, but its lights are stronger in the contrast. Some men, like bats or owls, have better eyes for the darkness than for the light.

If we study the principles of our life-work, dwell upon its details, and strive to perfect it as much as possible, we shall insensibly learn to love it, and to feel no sacrifice for it a burden.

The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable in my estimation than the most costly cenotaph that was ever reared.

Real forgiveness is that which we accord to a child who has been naughty, and now is penitent. Forgiveness is the right thing from us all to each other. Full of faults and shortcomings as we know ourselves to be, cannot we forgive the like frailties in others?

Femininities.

The Empress of Austria makes good bread.

Finger rings are said to be going out of fashion.

Coquettes give their blossoms to their lovers, and their thorns to their husbands.

A Pocahontas county, Iowa, woman, 22 years old, is the mother of seven children, all alive and hearty.

A girl only 15½ years of age and a widower of 50 were united in matrimony, in Habersham, Ga., a few days ago.

Parisian ladies now have landscapes and miniature portraits painted on their finger-nails by talented artists.

At Abilene, Texas, a short time ago, a supposed young man who had been arrested, turned out to be a young woman.

A Connecticut shoemaker has a female customer who takes a No. 9 shoe. It is not stated whether or not she is a native of that State.

Why do the Germans make the moon masculine? Surely we are justified in regarding her as feminine, since she is essentially changeable.

A woman was appointed notary public in Louisville, recently. She is credited with being the first female examiner ever appointed in Kentucky.

Why is it that there is a much louder howl when an eighty-year-old woman marries a nineteen-year-old boy than when an eighty-year-old man weds a seventeen-year-old girl.

To enter safely into the married state the contracting parties should understand human nature, and, above all, their own dispositions, and then compare them frankly and candidly.

Females constitute over a quarter of Germany's agricultural laborers. In the last census 4,382,358 persons were returned as engaged in agricultural work, of whom 1,230,080 are females.

The daughter of Binns, the ex-hangman, of London, recently testified in court that she had frequently been frightened out of the house by her father's experiments in hanging dogs and cats.

A widow near Boston, who has buried three husbands, wants to marry again, and, as a recommendation, shows a broom that she has used for fourteen years, which has no indentations on the handle.

A woman whose son had been ruined by dissipation was fined two dollars in Hamilton, Ont., recently, with the alternative of ten days in jail, because she knelt before a saloon and asked God to curse the liquor traffic.

A Nashville paper asserts that a lady came North from that city, recently, for consultation with a prominent physician as to her impaired health, and the latter told her she would not get better until she used lower-heeled shoes.

A Connecticut gentleman, on being introduced to a newly-married man, who had found his wife in the nutmeg State, congratulated him warmly, saying: "These Connecticut girls make excellent wives—I've had four of 'em."

Every twelfth year in the Hindoo calendar is said to be an unlucky one during which to marry. This year is the twelfth, or odd one, and it is said the marriage rush during December in that country was something tremendous.

The tricycle ought to spring at once into fashionable use now, for Queen Victoria, who has owned two for some years, recently ordered a third. They are used by the Princesses and by visitors to Osborne. Nearly all the royal families of Europe have tricycles.

"Din ye ken whit they're sayin'?" asked a blushing Scotch lassie of her backward wooer. "Not what is it?" "They are sayin' we're goin' to be married." "Are they? We'll cheat them," answered the laddie; and the blusher paled in the fair Caledonian's cheeks.

A woman has proposed that only good women shall be allowed to vote, the line between good and bad to be drawn by an official body. She does not go so far as to mark out the method to be pursued by the aforesaid body in separating the sheep from the goats.

There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.

The more duties a woman has to perform the more need has she for uniform good temper and strong, healthy nerves. Some women are miserable when idle, even if rest is necessary. When to rest, how to rest, and where to rest, each must determine for herself; but all know that nature rebels unless true and complete rest is taken during some portion of each day.

At the examination for teachers held recently in Nevada City, one of the questions was: "Define hymenial?" An answer was given thus: "Wild and boisterous." The Examination Board decided that the answer was not correct. We insist that before the next examination for teachers is held the members of the Examining Board shall themselves be examined.

The recent case of Hanson against Hanson, illustrates the speed and success of the divorce case in Nova Scotia. The wife sued for a divorce, and within three months from the commencement of the proceedings an absolute decree was granted. The husband's farm was sold for costs (and bought in for the wife), and the husband driven from the Province to escape arrest. The wife is now free, and successfully running the farm.

Literary talent is kept fully abreast of the roller-skating progress at Brunswick, Ga., where one of the papers gets out "rink personals" like these: "Miss Julia Futch glided around the hall like a sunbeam playing upon the crests of the sparkling waves. Mrs. Molver is quite at home on the rollers, and skates as smoothly as the swan glides over the passive waters. Miss Minerva Stacy flitted around the hall like a light-winged dove on some heavenly mission."

News Notes.

Dalton, Georgia, boasts of a calf with five legs.

London consumes $200,000 worth of milk daily.

Stealing door-plates is the latest mania in Boston.

Missouri has a law forbidding the sale of cigarettes to children.

There are 940 churches in London within a radius of twelve miles.

A single grapevine in Levy county, Fla., yielded this year 1,000 pounds of fruit.

A female resident of Gardiner, Me., has been made seriously ill by the bite of a cat.

Taunton, Mass., people claim that lightning accompanied a recent snow storm there.

Twelve thousand invitations will be sent out for the Presidential inauguration ball.

A sweet potato, weighing fifty-one pounds, it is claimed, has just been dug at Wildwood, Florida.

The Chinese in San Francisco paid $27,000 in fines into the police court revenues during the past year.

Among the curiosities collected by the Alaska Fur Company, is a salmon which in life weighed 130 pounds.

Brooksville, Fla., boasts of a white turnip measuring 25 1-2 inches in circumference, and weighing six pounds.

A condemned murderer at Marshall Tex., passed his hat around the court room for the benefit of his wife and children.

Pensacola's (Fla.) steam fire engine is said to have been in the hands of the sheriff on the occasion of a recent fire.

Accidents while roller skating are becoming very numerous throughout the country, and in some instances result fatally.

A newly-married couple at Bangor, Me., were so bashful that they would not allow the event to be published in the papers.

Bay City, Mich., with a population of less than 30,000, has seven roller skating rinks, and another is in the course of erection.

A farmer in Santa Anna Valley, Los Angelos county, Cal., cuts six crops of hay each year, and reports his sales at $40 an acre.

A funeral over a man whose remains were brought all the way from China for interment, took place recently in Jersey City.

A public indignation meeting was held in Boston a few nights ago to protest against the exclusion of colored people from skating rinks.

In Chicago wagons call at houses for books borrowed at the public library, and return any other book desired, for a nominal charge.

There were 8,681 medical students in this country in 1873, and 15,151 in 1882. The medical schools increased during the same period from 91 to 131.

The London newspapers have a curious etiquette forbidding one to either quote or comment upon anything that appears in the columns of another.

For robbing a man of six dollars at the point of a pistol, a noted thief was sentenced, in San Francisco, Cal., a few days ago, to 40 years' imprisonment.

A Brooklyn man, who recently lost his mental balance, thinks he owns the Stock Exchange, and tried to have a check for $40,000,000 cashed the other day.

William Lowry will begin, in a few days, at Providence, R. I., an attempt to open 75,000 oysters in six days, working fourteen hours a day, on a wager of $500.

A man in Rome, Ga., holds a note of date of 1848, that was made payable when Lewis Cass was elected President of the United States. As Taylor won, the note has never been paid.

A volcanic tree, which sends forth a white smoke-like mist, is reported to exist in the Japanese village of Ono. It is 80 feet high, with a girth of ten feet, and said to be centuries old.

It is a matter of history that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, and it is no trifling thing at this late day to have it discovered that fiddles were not invented until long after Nero's time.

Members of the Brazilian Parliament are now considering a bill for the liberation of all slaves 60 years old, and the emancipation of those younger by the state, at a tariff fixed according to age.

Enterprising owners of buildings on the avenue, at Washington, are advertising windows for sale on Inauguration day. Prices range all the way from $5 to $100 a window, according to location and size.

The French Government paid the inventor of oleomargarine 16,000 francs for his work, and now there are thousands of people who wish the French Government had never done anything of the kind.

The citizens of Huntingdon, Oregon, warned six of the worst men in the place to leave within twelve hours. The bad men loaded their guns, sharpened their knives, and up to late accounts held the fort.

Relatives of a young man who was drowned a short time ago in Prince's Bay, S. I., have buried no less than three bodies which have been washed ashore at different intervals, each of them being identified as his.

The streets of Alexandria, Egypt, are paved with stone blocks so exactly that horse cars can run upon them without rails. The cars are open, and appear like an ordinary article, except that the wheels are twice the usual size.

A veteran of the late war, now a resident of South River, N. J., has just received from the Government back pensions amounting to $11,363, for an injury to his eyes, sustained while in the army. He is also to receive $72 a month for the remainder of his life.

The Lovers' Run.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"LOST, lost!" cried the sturdy peasant, "wife, do you hear, the suit is lost, by the court's decree Ellenberger will get my field, wife—how I hate this man!"

"And you are right to hate him, Steinmetz; but listen to me, above the judge at Spangenburg there is one in Cassel, our sovereign, appeal to him; he will annul the unjust judgment and give back our land to us."

"He must restore it to us," raved the man; "Landgrave Philipp must obtain my right for me—or else—by thunder—else"— And grimly resolved, without fully uttering his dark purpose, he arose with a curse and violently beat the table with his fist.

Here, entering the room, Annie came to join her parents, in her Sunday attire, with her fair hair done up in long braids, a hymn book in her hand, and turned her blue and true eyes kindly on her father. Steinmetz smiled on her in spite of his rage.

"Father, it is time," said the daughter, and while she spoke the bells rang out for church.

"Yes, let us go," growled the old man, "even if Ellenberger does not like a dog of a heathen—still Steinmetz will remain a true Christian for all that."

Dignified and with measured stride he proceeded with wife and child to the church.

The new pastor discoursed in warm words on the subject of true Christian love, forbearance and humility. "And forgive you those that trespass against you, that your trespasses may be forgiven unto you."

When service was over and people were leaving the church, it happened that Steinmetz met Ellenberger and his family under the portal. Angrily he doubled his fist and threatened his enemy. "Oh, you wicked man!" muttered Mrs. Steinmetz.

But Ellenberger stepped up calmly, saluted kindly and offered his hand. "Give me your right hand, neighbor," he said with emotion in a voice so loud that all could hear him; "for the sake of that one acre surely such old friends like ourselves will not become deadly enemies?"

Steinmetz hesitated as if petrified. "Yes," the other continued in a voice growing softer, "give me your hand, if not in remembrance of our former good fellowship, then for the future happiness of our children; they love each other: that you may know it, and in the name of my Heinz I here at this sacred door bespeak the hand of your gentle Annie."

"You lie," cried Steinmetz, beside himself with fury, "they do not love each other!".

"Then behold them at your feet," coolly replied Ellenberger.

Hand in hand, with tears in their faces, Annie and Heinz had sunk down on their knees before the enraged man. Their sobs sufficiently betrayed their inmost feelings, and what their tongues might not speak for woe and apprehension.

"Never, never," ejaculated Steinmetz still louder, "will I give my child to the son of a robber."

Then the blood rushed into Ellenberger's pale cheeks; but he controlled himself, for being a whole man, prudent, honest and always master of himself, he remained so now. "Rise up Heinz," he said decisively, "rise, my poor boy, this is enough; although I dearly esteem Annie, whom you have chosen for your bride, I will not now tolerate that you woo her. But a 'never, never' I still do not pronounce, for such a word does not become us mortals. And listen! Behold yonder mountain, my son"—all turned their ears attentively to the speech of the deeply affected, grossly insulted man—"raise your eyes to that ridge; against the horizon is a lake made by nature's hand, inexhaustible and full of the clearest, purest water. If you, my son, with Annie, and no other help but that of God, can in three days and two nights conduct the water from that pond down here to Spangenberg, to this spot, then only—only then I give my consent to your union, only then will I forgive him his insult; that I swear! But a 'never' I do not pronounce."

"Ohe," scoffed and ridiculed the other man; "if you perform that work, then I too give you my blessing, then I will make peace with you, Ellenberger—that I swear, too!"

Pionsly, with their hearts turned to God, Heinz and Annie re-entered the church. Long time remained they before the altar—what the angels there whispered to them—who knows it!

The sun had glided down. Early on the coming day, when the first glimmer shone through the fresh leaves of spring, Heinz and Annie went to the high Kieselsberg—spades, carts and other implements they carried with them—the love in their hearts furnished them with superhuman strength.

Day and night they worked, to bring the water of the pond surely down to Spangenberg, and the immense task proceeded rapidly. No doubt of success came into their hearts; they ate not, they slept not, they took no refreshment; they worked and worked, and dug and dug, without fatigue, in persistence, without rest and remission. And when the third day was nearing its end, then the bells rang out as for a festival. And when the third day was nearing its end, then the bells rang out as for a festival. A commotion of joy went through the town. The inhabitants, in festive spirits, decorated with flowers, thronged to the spot. There stood the pastor in his clerical habit, at his sides the families. And the judge and the burgomaster joined them. And there too were Heinz and Annie, digging away tirelessly at a small deep channel. And before the last minute of the glorious day had fallen into eternity, like a drop into the sea, then the youth made the last cut with his spade, and the silver clear water from the Kieselsberg gurgled and splashed merrily up to the vestibule of the church.

The multitude exulted and cheered in great joy and delight, for was not the town delivered from the impending danger of a water famine!

The two ancients extended their hands to each other in token of reconciliation.

Annie, like a faint dove, sank with drooping eyelids into Heinz's arms.

The kiss of the lovers was without end, their lips were no more to be separated, for, exhausted by their labor, but in the fruition of infinite happiness, they both dropped to earth—dead!

Thus says the seemingly improbable but nevertheless true history of Heinz and Annie of Spangenburg. The people recited it in songs beautiful and sad, and the channel which they dug to this day bears, in German, the veritable name of "The Lovers' Run."

FLORAL SUPERSTITIONS.—The marigold, which the French call *soucis* (cares), is rigidly excluded from the flowers with which the German maidens tell their fortunes—in the way presently to be noticed—as also is the *calendula*, another kind of marigold, as it is thought they are unfavorable to love. The poppy has long been a symbol of death, "the sister of sleep." The crocus (the flower into which the friend of Smilax was transformed when pining with unrequited love), the Austrian peasants say, must be plucked only by healthy young girls or strong men, as it tends to draw away the strength; and it is worthy of note that homœopathy prescribes crocus for feminine weakness. The Ox-eye daisy has a bad effect on cattle that eat it. Notwithstanding the wonderful virtues everywhere ascribed to four-leaved clover, the finder of the five-leaved will have bad luck. These, however, are about all the ill-omened flowers. There are, indeed, circumstances under which all flowers are injurious. They must not be laid on the bed of a sick person, according to a Silesian superstition. In Westphalia and Thuringia, it is said no child under a year old must be permitted to wreath itself with flowers, or it will die soon; and in Erzgeberg, it is added, such flowers will entirely lose their fragrance. Flowers must, according to a common German saying, in no case be laid on the mouth of a corpse, since the dead may chew them, which would make him a "Nachzehrer," or one who draws his relatives to the grave after him. To dream of white flowers prognosticates death: and if a white rose-bush puts forth unexpectedly, it is a sign of a death in the nearest house. One who throws a rose into a grave will waste away.

An exchange speaks of "an allegorical picture of two infants." Paregorical would, perhaps, hit the mark closer.

A Missionary's Wife.

For her earnest and important labors in the Siamese Mission, the wife of Rev. Jno. H. Chandler is as well known and as much beloved in the Baptist Church as her honored and devoted husband. To a gentleman who visited her and her husband a few months ago at their home in Camden, New Jersey, where she has resided since her return from Siam in 1860, she gave the following narrative:

"From my early girlhood I had been ambitious to attain the highest degree of knowledge and usefulness. I wanted to go as a missionary to some heathen country, and I prepared myself for it. My gift for the acquisition of languages proved of great service to me. On going with my husband to Burmah, I assisted in a missionary school. At Bangkok, I taught schools of the native Siamese; I had among others the brother of the present king under my care, besides a number of the children of the nobility, to whom I taught the English language. I also did much translating.

"So arduous were my labors that my health, which had for some time been failing, broke down in 1873. I had been of buoyant spirits, but my nerves were exhausted and I sank down. Vitality gave out. Endurance failed. I gave up all my work. I was so low, that arriving in this country in 1876 no physician would give me any encouragement. When I returned to Siam it was only with partially restored health. I broke down again, and for months was absolutely helpless. I was nervous to a frightful extent, and could not obtain satisfactory sleep. We could not see our way clear to leave Bangkok until 1880. When I began to pack I was afraid I could not go through such a heavy undertaking. In the midst of this terrible state of depression, Dr. Macfarland, the Presbyterian missionary, loaned my husband a book about Compound Oxygen. On arriving in Philadelphia we went to the office of Dr. Starkey & Palen, and procured a Home Treatment. Has it done me good? you ask. Look at me. I am restored to my old good health. There could have been no severer test than was offered in my case."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

I thought from Betsy Jane to steal
One golden curl away,
To place it next my throbbing heart,
And wear it night and day.

And so, whilst she in slumber lay,
I stole beside her chair,
And reached my hand, in ecstacy,
To touch her shining hair.

But, oh! how shall I tell the tale?—
From off my Betsy's head,
One moment, and that wealth of curl
Most suddenly had fled.

In sheer affright I screamed, "Alas!
What Zulu worse than I?"
And Betsy Jane just then awoke,
And peered me with her eye.

"Oh, love," cried I, "pray what is this
That lies upon the floor?"
Cried she, in rage, "Begone, rash man,
And come here nevermore!"

Young men, young men, take my advice;
Whatever else you do,
Don't steal a lock of golden hair,
Lest you the act should rue.

—S. T. OLEN.

Humorous.

Hot scotch—Burns.

Why is a cruel man like a peach? Because he has a heart of stone.

No part of man's anatomy will stand so many severe blows as his nose.

"Well, what is it that causes the saltness of the ocean?" asked a teacher of her class. "Codfish," was the reply.

A man in Cincinnati bet his wife that Blaine would be elected, and he is now going to law to see if he cannot compel the winner to take the stakes.

If you don't observe so many cats around the boarding-house now, you must bear in mind that the shooting season is at hand, and rabbit pie is a seasonable article.

A Vermont farmer reports that he made a profit of $26 from six hens the past season. He sold them early in the spring, and consequently had to plant his garden only once.

George: "Yes, I take up my violin for my own amusement sometimes, but I never play before company." Tom. "Thank you, my dear fellow; thank you, thank you!"

"Aunty," said a pensive urchin to his instructress, "what comes o' a' old moons?" "Deed, laddie, I'm no very sure," was the tardy reply. "They'll maybe clip them doon, and make stars o' them."

A servant girl wrote from New York to her friends in Bangor, Me., that she works in a house called flats, and that they go from one story to another in ventilators, and send their washing to the foundry.

An old Scotchman saw a railway train for the first time, and was naturally greatly surprised. On being asked what he thought it was, he replied, "I jist thocht it was the de'il runnin' awa' wi' a row o' houses!"

"Poverty has its cares, my son," said Cyrus W. Field, "but, then, wealth has its cares, too—more than poverty, ten to one. Look at the financial panics in the money market ever week. Do you ever hear of a financial panic in an almshouse?"

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS

FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF

Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, Poultry

For 20 years HUMPHREYS' Veterinary Specifics have been used by Farmers, Stockbreeders, Horse R. R., Hippodromes, Menageries, and others with perfect success.

LIST OF SPECIFICS.

A. A.	Cures Fevers & Inflammation, Milk Fever, Spinal Meningitis, Hog Cholera,	75c.
B. B.	Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism,	75c.
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D. D.	Cures Bots or Grubs, Worms,	75c.
E. E.	Cures Cough, Heaves, Pneumonia,	75c.
F. F.	Cures Colic or Gripes, Bellyache,	75c.
G. G.	Prevents Miscarriage,	75c.
H. H.	Cures all Urinary Diseases,	75c.
I. I.	Cures Eruptive Diseases, Mange,	75c.
J. J.	Cures all Diseases of Digestion,	75c.
	Veterinary Case, (black walnut) with Veterinary Manual (300 pages), 10 bottles Medicine, and Medicator,	$8.00
	Medicator,	35

☞ These Veterinary Cases are sent free of express on receipt of the price, or any order for Veterinary Medicine to the amount of $5.00 or more.

Humphreys' Veterinary Manual 300 pages sent free by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

☞ Pamphlets sent free on application.

HUMPHREYS' Homeopathic Med. Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds,
Sore Throat,
Inflammation,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,
Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
in from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises. Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,

AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

or any Inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts), Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver complaints, etc.

SKIN DISEASES,

Humors and Sores

Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

SCROFULA,

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA.

Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken down stomach, Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Pain after Eating,—giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic,—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN,

Aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicines according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No 32 Warren Street, New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

New Publications.

The Germantown Independent, this city, has gotten out a very neat Annual for 1885. It contains, besides a large number of pictures, much general information specially concerning the locality where published.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., have followed the fashion of the times and announce a large reduction in the retail price on their whole line of popular duodecimo publications, including the well known and popular books written by Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Stephens', Mrs. Warfield, Miss Dupuy, Alexander Dumas, their several well-known and standard Cook Books by Miss Leslie, Mrs. S. J. Hale and others. These established publications have had a long and successful run, which will now get a fresh impetus by this reduction of price, and Messrs. Petersons' will send their Catalogue to any address if written for, with the new and reduced retail prices annexed.

A little book which many of our country readers more particularly might make of much interest as well as profit, is "How John's Wife Made Money at Home." It treats in a very thorough manner of how the authoress succeeded in bringing money out of Incubators, Bees, Silkworms, Canaries, Chickens, and One Cow. Everything is told so clearly that with the assistance of the very distinct instructions, and the excellent cuts and diagrams of the different utensils used, any woman without the least difficulty, may try the same things for herself. It is seldom that a book containing so much practical sense to the square inch is published. Printed for Hunter MacCulloch and for sale by Lippincott & Co., this city. Price 30 cents.

"The Gray Masque," and Other Poems, by Mary Barker Dodge. Boston, D. Lothrop & Co., Price $1.25. The author of "The Gray Masque" is favorably known to the public by her contributions to the press, which are here collected, with others never before published, into a handsome volume. It requires no more than a cursory examination of the book to convince the reader that Mrs Dodge is a genuine poet. She writes from the heart, and without any of the affectations which seem to be almost inseparable from the work of many authors. Her themes are pure and elevated, and in all her book there is not a line tainted with morbid feeling or unwholesome sentimentality. The contents are varied in character, and include poems of imagination, of love, or home and home affections, devotional poems, and those inspired by a love of nature or by religious or patriotic anniversaries. The volume is tastefully printed and bound.

MAGAZINES.

Like all its predecessors *Vick's Illustrated Monthly* for February is full of the best of information, hints, etc., relating to flowers and the care of the garden. As good magazines, possibly may be published somewhere in the interests of the garden, but we have yet to see a better, whether in matter, manner, or Illustrations. James Vick, Rochester, New York. Price $1.25 per year.

The February number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* contains the conclusion of Wilkie Collins' story, The Girl at the Gate, an instalment of Hugh Conway's novel, A Family Affair—very good readings; and a short sketch of notable excellence, In an Italian Taverna. Miss Kingsley finishes her notes on Shakspeare's Country, effectively illustrated by Alfred Parsons, and Mr. H. A. Jones, his unequal but very sound paper on The Dramatic Outlook; altogether a noteworthy number, beautifully turned out. Macmillan & Co., 112 Fourth Avenue, New York. Price 15 cents per number.

One of the most attractive articles in the handsome February *Magazine of American History* is Rev. Dr. Vermilya's sketch of the Early New York Post Office, accompanied with several admirable illustrations. A. Frederick's sketch of the primitive locked box, and Letter Carrier of the Olden Time, is his best. The second illustrated article, by the eminent scholar, Horatio Hale, describes the great Mohawk Chief, George H. M. Johnson. Col. William Howard Mills contributes new and interesting material concerning Benedict Arnold's March through Main to Canada. T. J. Chapman, A. M., gives an instructive paper on Early Virginia Claims in Pennsylvania. Hon. Charles Gayarre discusses the character of Andrew Jackson. Prof. Wilson settles the question as to Andre's Landing Place at Haverstraw. Minor Topics is delightfully diversified with readable matter. The third instalment of Col. Norton's Political Americanisms, Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, and Book Notices, conclude an exceptionally good number of one of the very best monthly publications in the country. Price $5.00 a year in advance. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If en route to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Facetiæ.

The babes in the wood—Twins in a cradle.

Though the Boston girls all wear specs, they are not necessarily freckled.

What is a great deal worse than ruining cats and dogs? Hailing omnibuses.

Many a boarding-house patron gets into hot water when he ladles out the soup.

What is that which is often brought to table, often cut, but never eaten? A pack of cards.

Which is the queen of the roses, and why? The nose of the watering-pot, because it rains over them all.

Why is your nose and chin always at variance? Because words are constantly passing between them.

It is no indication that a cat knows the value of money simply because it always carries its purrs with it.

What is that which all may eat and drink, though it is sometimes a woman, and sometimes a man? A toast.

When we hear of a book-peddlar being laid up with colic, we have a great amount of sympathy for the colic.

An advertisement in a Swiss paper says: "Wanted—A servant who knows how to cook and take care of children."

Is pig iron petrified pork or congealed bacon? A member of an eminent manufacturing firm says, "If we smelt it, we could find out."

From a number that's odd cut off the head, it then will even be; it's tail, I pray, take next away, your mother then you'll see. Seven.

First citizen, at a monster meeting of "the people": "Is your watch going, sir?" Second citizen: "Yes, I expect it is"—feeling in his pocket—"in fact—it's gone!"

In the same species of spider the female is three hundred times larger than the male. It is unnecessary to remark that the husband never gets into bed with his boots on.

Grace, seeing her aunt write a message on a postal card, called for an envelope, saying: "I am going to write a letter, too, aunt Jane; but I don't want it to go bareheaded like yours."

"I have neither time nor inclination to pass paregories on the deceased," remarked a Western funeral orator. "Panegyrics," corrected a person present. "As you please, sir," remarked the orator, stiffly, "the words are synonymous."

"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat, while eating, turn its head first one way, then another?" "For the reason," replied the professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

A Londoner made a bet that he would invent a question to which fifty people would all give the same answer. He won the bet. The question was: "Have you heard that Smith has committed suicide?" and the answer in every case was: "What Smith?"

A Frenchman, being taken prisoner by the Algerians, was asked what he could do as a slave. He replied that he had been used to sedentary employment—a sitting position. "Well, then," said the pirates, "we will mount you in feathers and set you to hatch chickens."

"Hallo! Where are you going? Don't go up there; it's dangerous." "What is the matter?" "They're going to blast up in the quarry in a few minutes." "Well, there isn't any danger." "Yes, there is." "Oh, no; I don't think there is; I see a policeman up there; and if there was any danger he would be somewhere else."

"Johnny, have you been fighting?" gravely inquired Mrs. Jarphly. "No, mam," answered the heir of the Jarphlys. "John Sechermerhorn, how dare you tell me an untruth? Where did you get that black eye, sir?" "I traded another boy two front teeth and a broken nose for it," replied Johnnie, as he crossed the wood-pile.

Two young ladies entered a cigar store, and one of them said, timidly: "Have you any choice cigars, sir? I want them for a present." "Oh yes, miss," replied the tobacconist: "we have any choice you like from a cent apiece up." "I think I will take some of the one cent ones, then, if they are choice. I had no idea that choice cigars were so cheap. Won't Charlie be delighted?" she said to her companion as they left the store. "Poor boy! He is so fond of a choice cigar; and they will taste all the better," she added, with a little blush, "for having come from me."

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful Electric Corsets. Sample free to those becoming agents. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Address DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway St., N. Y.

CANVASSERS wanted for a book just out. Send name on postal. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, Box 880, St. Louis, Mo.

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AGENTS coin money collecting Family Pictures to enlarge; all styles. Pictures guaranteed. Special inducements. EMPIRE COPYING CO., 26 Canal Street, N. Y.

90 CARDS Large, New Chromos, with your name in fancy type, and Agent's Sample Book, 10 Cents. 18 PACKS, 600 Cards $1.00, and a SOLID ROLLED GOLD RING FREE to sender of club. Address ACME CARD CO., IVORYTON, CONN.

40 New 1885 Chromo Cards with name no 2 alike, 10c. 6 packs 50c. 40 FEO. E. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

SURE CURE for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the poor. Dr. Kruse, 2328 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

CARDS Skating Rink, 8 Scenes 10 or 10 cents. F. JORDAN, Pub., Wellesley, Mass.

KING'S EVIL

Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are **Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc.** If allowed to continue, **Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption,** and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is the only powerful and always reliable blood-purifying medicine. It is so effectual an alterative that it eradicates from the system **Hereditary Scrofula,** and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

Is composed of the genuine *Honduras Sarsaparilla,* with *Yellow Dock, Stillingia,* the *Iodides of Potassium* and *Iron,* and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as an

Absolute Cure

For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine, in the world.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

[Analytical Chemists.]

Sold by all Druggists: price $1; six bottles for $5.

ALL GIVEN AWAY!

3 GOLD WATCHES, 4 Parisian Dolls, 35 New Dresses, &c.

The publishers of "Happy Days," the new 16p. Illustrated Paper for the Boys and Girls of America, desiring to introduce their paper into every home, make the following liberal offer: The Boy or Girl telling us the number of Checkers in the Bible before April 1st, 1885, will receive a Solid Gold, Lady's Stem-Winding Watch. If there be more than one correct answer the second will receive a Boy's Solid Gold Key-Winding Watch; the third, a Solid Gold Swiss Watch. Watches forwarded to winners April 5th. Each person competing must send 12 cents with their answer, for which they will receive 3 months subscription to Happy Days, and 4 lovely Parisian Dolls (girls, I boy and a baby doll), with 35 fine beautiful features, lungs and cords, and blue and dark eyes. With the dolls we will send a case of 35 Fashionable Dresses, hats, Parasols, Travelling Costumes, Evening Dresses, &c., made in nine colors, many of them from designs by Worth, of Paris, and very beautiful. We want subscribers for our charming magazine, and have decided to let our friends possess a lovely box of dolls with their outfits and 3 gold watches free. If they will send 25c. (stamps or silver) to help pay for Ads advt. and the large cost of mailing you the paper 3 months. Pubs. Happy Days, Hartford, Conn.

FREE VALENTINE PACKAGE! To introduce new goods and secure future trade, we will send you, free of charge, if you will send 20 cts. in stamps for postage, 5 Pretty Valentine Cards, 1 delicate Sentimental Valentine, 1 French Perfumed Valentine (very rare), 2 Comic Valentines, 1 Beautiful, Gold Bound, Floral Autograph Album, lithographed with birds, fruit, moss roses, &c., 1 Photographic Album of all the Presidents of the U. S. with autograph signatures of each, 1 Beautiful Doll with jointed limbs, dresses, hats, cloaks, &c. Stamps taken. CONN. STEAM CARD WORKS, Hartford, Conn.

FREE A CORN SHELLER. The new "Eclipse" Corn Sheller is the simplest, easiest working sheller on the market, and the only one that is not forever out of order. To introduce it into every town at once we will send one Sheller, prepaid, to any person who will agree to show it to their friends and send us the names of five farmers' sons in their town and 25 cents for the expenses of this advertisement. Address ACME MANUFACTURING CO., IVORYTON, CONN.

CONSUMPTION I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P.O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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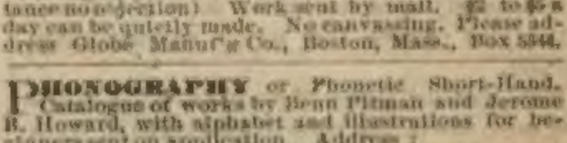

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We offer the above amount of money and ten Gold Watches free to the first 128 persons answering the following Bible question: **Where is the word "Chickens" found in the Bible?** Mention the Book, Chapter and Verse. The first person answering this question correctly within 20 days from date will receive $25 cash. If we receive more than one correct answer the second will receive $20; the third, $15; the fourth, $10; fifth, $5; sixth, $3; seventh, $2; eighth, $1; ninth, $10; tenth, $9; eleventh, $6; twelfth, $4; thirteenth, $2; ten Ladies' Gold Watches to the next ten correct answers, and $1 each to the next one hundred persons answering it correctly. If you are not the first, remember you may be the second or third, so you stand a good chance for a large prize. Each competitor must, in every case, send 50 cents for six months' trial subscription to the **ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST** with their answer. Send $1, as it gives you **two chances for two prizes,** and we will send you the paper one year; also 1 Silver Plated Butter Knife, 1 Silver Plated Sugar Shell, and 6 Silver Steel Tea Spoons. The regular price of the **ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST** is—6 months, 50 cents; 1 year, $1; so you pay nothing additional for the privilege of competing for one of the above prizes. The prize money will be promptly sent to the successful one and the names of the lucky winners will be published in our paper. **Send at once,** Postal Notes preferred. This is the Grandest Offer ever made by a reliable newspaper publisher. Send your answers at once. Postage stamps taken. Address **ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST, 168 LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.**

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE great consideration in making a bodice is that it fit well, being neither so tight as to press in any part of the figure unmercifully, nor so loose as to leave unpleasant untidy-looking rucks. The lining, which is to be cut and put together first, must be tried on every alteration marked out, carefully with a piece of chalk or a colored pencil, and afterwards with pins, before cutting out the dress stuff. We would especially impress on our readers the benefit of this plan, and assure them from our own experience, that it is better to sacrifice one or two bad-fitting linings than spoil a beautiful costly fabric.

An essential point for the setting of a corsage is that the stuff for the lining and material be cut the same way, and in using patterns it is advisable to leave the pattern lines as the inner ones, allowing about ¼ an inch of the material (this is sufficient as a general rule) beyond these; the different pieces are then cut out and basted closely and carefully together.

When a corsage is too large, the seams behind and under the arms are taken in, the latter with great care to avoid reducing the width across the chest where the bodice should fit rather wide and easy, or a bad figure is made; if this is done too suddenly an ugly fold near the arms called by the French dressmakers coup de sabre is likely to appear, the armhole likewise is to be cut in several times in front, after being taken at the side seam, to give a better shape, in fact very much depends on the cut of the armhole. When a bodice is too large, of course, opposite rules to those just given must be followed. In trying on the sleeves, the arm must be bent so that the elbow may sit exactly in the right place. That the high stuffed tops of sleeves are going out is a source of real pleasure to all people of good taste.

Skirts have not undergone any material change of late, we mean by this, foundation skirts. Such a ground work is mostly of thin, but closely woven stuff, or of silk; it is necessary to have a light, yet firm foundation upon which to arrange either a simple, or elaborate effect of gores, breadths, rows of flounces, kiltings, accordion-pleatings, draperies, etc., etc. The short, round skirt of a walking costume is composed of four parts, a front breadth, to be cut first, one gore on each side, and a straight breadth behind; the gores must not be cut off in a slanting line from end to end, but a piece the depth of a hem—that is to say about 6 or 8 inches at most is left quite straight at the edge (to this later on is joined a false hem sustained by a stripe of stiff muslin lined with buckram, or a band of horse-hair) as this gives a better hang to the skirt; the slant is continued up to the top in a gentle curve; if too much width remains at the waist, short pleats in the inside on each side of the centre will be sufficient to reduce it to the proper size for the figure—a skirt falls better by adopting this method than when sharply gored at the sides. Our first-rate dressmakers sometimes leave the gores nearly as wide above as at the lower edge, and reduce the width as just mentioned.

Two distinct types of short, draped skirts are now worn, the robe drawn tight in front and very high and full behind, not cut with steels run into the back breadth and an improver, or worn with a crinolette, and the robe trimmed with plisses, amply draped on tablier and forming behind a long and wide redingote basque, either pleated in large flat pleats, or laid in hollow flutings like organ pipes, and falling down to the hem of the skirt.

We must lastly remind our readers to study their material before cutting out a skirt, as width, right and wrong side, run of pattern, pile (of velvet or velveteen) must all be attended to, and it is often some trouble to suit the design to the gores, they ought therefore to take much thought and care that when their work is finished, the pattern may not run up on one gore and down on the other.

FASHION WHIMS.—Among the many new designs for decorative use, brought out by ingenious minds, is the poodle. As this sagacious, companionable dog is still the pet of fashion, to be seen walking out in crowded thoroughfares with its master or mistress, often decorated with a gold or single bangle on one front paw, or a bow of ribbon, corresponding with the color of its mistress's costume, tied among its locks; so its reproduction in gold and paste is worn among lace and ribbon as a fashion of the day. As a letter weight the poodle also figures in carved ebony, and is to be seen painted on fans, and the covers of blotting books. Paste brooches and pins are as popular as ever, and the flight of swallows, a frog, or a bat seem to be the favorites. Elongated initial letters, with a long pin thrust through slantwise, composed of garnets, are novel, and look warm and rich among lace in jabots, bows, bonnets, or for fastening a floral buttonhole. There is the old English initial letter without the pin, and also the modern capital one, with it, and the latter is about two inches long, and the favorite. Garnets are coming into vogue very much, and go well with the rich ruby and brown shades that find such favor at present. Garnet beads, strung on wire in the form of a comb, are to be seen on some of the new ruby bonnets, where they fit into the curved back, cut up to admit of the present style of hairdressing. They also edge bonnets, and are lightly strung and secured to the stems of aigrettes. With a bonnet ornamented thus, it is needless to say that the earring and bonnet pins or brooch are *en suite*. Boxes containing six or twelve of the imitation tortoise-shell hairpins are now sold. They are in the light and dark shade, between three or four inches in length, and are more used for the loosely coiled and turned-up hair than the ordinary wire hairpins. Longer ones are used for running through the hair and supporting the bonnet, and some of these are ornamented with steel or paste. If double pins are used, one is put in higher than the other, and if there is a chain attached it rests on the hair. For mourning, jet beads of good size, mounted on hairpins, are dotted about the coils or plaits at the back of the head. Very long, thin gilt pins, with small onyx heads, are also run through the bonnet or hat.

Large cut crystal balls are popular as umbrella handle tops, with a colored bow tied on just below. Ladies intent on shopping expeditions now frequently carry a little silken knitted purse in the form of a miniature stocking, with the plated clasp at the top; others carry the long purse, tied in a knot when not in use, tightly held in the centre of the hand. Small plush handbags are most general, but in a short time they will be superseded by the convenient bag-muff, which saves all the ungraceful struggle in search of the mysterious and inconvenient position of the dress pocket. An almost little fashion of the day is to have the name of one's pet dog engraved on a miniature card, and leave it at an intimate friend's house with one's own. The cards are a little over an inch long and three-quarters of an inch broad, and are perfectly engraved with "Miss Belinda Poodle," "The Hon. Wallace Colley," "Monarch St. Bernard," and so on.

LINGERIE.—Ladies continue to wear linen collars for house dresses and promenade costumes, which appear like stripes ¾ or 1¾ inches above the neck band; two or three rows of pleatings, and blue bands of etamine with or without embroidery, or with chenille spots are among the very latest novelties for trimming neck-openings and cuffs; black, cream or white crape is only worn for mourning.

Lace, surah and ribbon are in request for the various styles of bonus patronized just now. A very simple and dressy addition to a toilet may be made as follows, in either black or white lace: According to your style, you arrange either an upright frill or a falling-collar of wide lace at the throat; and now, starting from the same band under each ear, arrange a waterfall of lace this fashion: Take a good quantity of ribbon—black, white or gay-colored—and upon this cascade the lace. It may terminate anywhere you choose, but it is generally more graceful when it is carried to the belt, the lace finishing there, tying the ribbons in long loops and falling ends, which very often reach to the foot of the dress. Any one can construct so simple an accessory of this kind. Loops of medium-sized ribbon are more fashionable just now that either the very wide or narrow widths.

Fireside Chat.

WORK FOR HOME ADORNMENT.

A PRETTY TIDY.—The requisites are a ball of number fourteen tidy cotton, and a wooden frame about twenty inches square, with an inch sprig driven half down the centre of each corner, and similar ones along the sides in line with these, and an inch apart.

Fasten your cotton to the second side sprig, and weave from this sprig to the one directly opposite, passing round each sprig three or four times; then draw the thread to the next sprig and weave in the same manner. Continue this until you reach the second sprig from the side you are working toward. Now cross these threads in the same way from the other two sides, then cross with the same number of threads diagonally in both directions. With a needle and tidy cotton securely fasten as they are every place where four sets of threads intersect, drawing the cotton from one to another. Cut the cotton at every sprig, and it is finished, except trimming the fringe a little. Made in this way they are serviceable, and less work than you would think.

Plaques.—Most of the pretty plaques of wood so much used to paint on have no rings on the back, and consequently cannot be hung on the wall. To remedy this, get a curtain ring; through this put a loop or ribbon or thin cloth, and glue this loop to the back of the plaque. Be sure to have it exactly in the centre, and do not try to hang it up until it is perfectly dry.

The Decoration of a Room.—Crude white is in favor with housewives for ceilings—"it looks so clean." That is just its fault. It looks so clean even when it is not, that it makes all else look dirty, even though it may be clean. To paint the flat ceiling of a moderately-sized room by hand is simply a waste of labor. It is only at great personal inconvenience that one can look at it, while as a matter of fact no one cares to do so. You see it occasionally, by accident, and for a moment, and that this casual glimpse should not be a shock to the eye, it is well to tint it in accordance with the room, or even cover it with a diapered paper, which will to some extent withdraw the attention from the cracks that frequently disfigure the ceilings of modern houses. What hand-painting we can afford may best be reserved for the panels or doors, window-shutters and the like, where it can be seen—these doors and the other wood-work being painted in two or three shades of colors, flat or varnished, according as we prefer softness of tone or durability of surface. Perhaps it will be best in this instance that the wood-work should fall in with the tone of the dado; but this is not a point on which any rule can be laid down. The decoration of the panels should be in keeping with the wall-paper patterns. It may be much more pronounced than they, but still it must not assert itself. One great point in consideration of the decoration of a room is the relation of the various patterns to one another. It may often be as well to sacrifice an otherwise admirable design simply because you can find nothing else to do with it. A single pattern once chosen will often control the whole scheme of decoration.

Standing Work Baskets.—The stands for these baskets are of black wicker-work, small round tables with two shelves. A hole is cut in each shelf and a large bathing-hat is fitted in each, the crown downward. The braid around the edges of the shelves must be gilded, also the rings. The brim of the upper hat has a full facing of blue satin. A bag of the same is fitted into the crown and drawn together with a satin ribbon. A bunch of artificial roses and leaves is fastened on one side of the brim. The under hat has a full facing of satin, which is cut large enough to serve as a lining for the crown. A large ring is fastened to the edge of the shelves between each one of the supports, and a broad band of satin ribbon, hand painted, is run through each ring, then crossed to the lower shelf, where it is fastened to the leg with a double bow and ends. The outside of the straw hats may be gilded, if prefered.

A Library Table.—An ordinary kitchen table can, with little trouble, be transformed into quite an elegant piece of furniture for the library. The top and legs are smoothly covered with green cloth; the seam on the legs to be neatly sewed and the joining made on the inside of the leg that it may not show. It is then tacked at the top to hold it in place. The cloth is drawn smoothly over the top and tacked all round the sides. The head piece extending round the sides of the table must also be covered. An undershelf is made of pine wood covered with cloth and fitted securely to the legs about eight inches below the top. A heavy cord fringe of green worsted must be fastened round the edge of the top, also round the shelf, with brass-headed nails about an inch and a half apart. A castor fitted into each leg will finish a very handsome table.

Gipsy Fern Case.—This fern case consists of three bars crossed at the top and fastened into a triangular base. A basket is suspended from the center of the case, and the base is decorated with shells, acorns, or corals. The best method of making this case is to have the base first made of wood, then lined with zinc. The sides should hold glass neatly fitted into the bars, thus inclosing the plants from the outer air. The height should be about three feet, the width of base two feet on each side. Any florist can supply ferns for such a structure. Choose only the smaller growing sorts, and avoid those which branch widely.

Moss Baskets.—Very beautiful baskets for holding flowers can be made of the longer and more feathery kind of mosses. A light frame, of any shape you like, should be made of wire and covered with common pasteboard or calico, and the moss, which should first be well picked over and cleansed from any bits of dirt or dead leaves which may be hanging about it, gathered into little tufts, and sewed with a coarse needle and thread to the covering, so as to clothe it thickly with a close and compact coating, taking care that the points of the moss are all outward. A long handle, constructed in the same manner, should be attached to the basket, and a tin or other vessel filled with either wet sand or water, placed within to hold the flowers. By dipping the whole structure into water once in three or four days, its verdure and elasticity will be fully preserved.

MANY Southern railway companies have this year placed their old cross-ties at the disposal of the mayors of towns along the lines of their roads to be distributed to deserving poor people for firewood.

Correspondence.

M. M.—You were correct.

J. B.—There is no such paper that we know of.

GASTENEE.—Isabella means fair Eliza; Maud, a lady of honor; Alice, noble; and Lucy, bright.

T. D.—Decoration day always falls on May 30, and is a legal holiday in several States, including New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania.

A. L. B.—The name of Cain's wife is not known; nor is it related in what country she was born, as may be seen on reference to the fourth chapter of Genesis.

T. C.—1. The lady is bashful, but seems to esteem you highly. Gain her love by degrees, and do not feel discouraged at any such slight rebuffs as those described.

G. B. W.—Let him entirely alone. Possibly, if he finds that you can get along very well without his company, he may be more desirous of winning your favor.

TEN YEARS.—Tincture of cantharides and sweet oil is a first-rate stimulant for the hair. Any receipt to make it lighter would only injure it; you had better leave it alone.

F. L.—Do not tamper with your skin; if nature has given you a red face, be satisfied, and do not try to whiten it, as it cannot be safely done either by internal or external means.

CARRIE.—A young lady of taste and judgment ought to be able to decide such a matter better than one man in a thousand could determine it, or else there is little truth in the old adage that "it is the business of men to provide homes and the province of women to beautify them."

W. C. M.—The weight of a ship or of any object which floats on water is equal to the weight of the water it displaces. If an object weighs more than its own bulk of water it sinks. The buoyancy of a ship is simply the difference between the bulk of the ship and that of the water which equals it in weight. The air in the ship is the chief cause of this buoyancy, simply because it is, bulk for bulk, so much lighter than water.

DORA S.—Our advice to you is to wait for several years before making any effort in opposition to the advice of your friends. Most young ladies who aspire to become actresses, and study under the best teachers, fail to succeed. Very few possess the requisite natural gifts and fewer still are able to undergo the trials and hardships incident to training for the stage. It is a long and difficult path, beset with peril to the young and inexperienced. The profits and advantages are much less than your fancy pictures.

PERPLEXED.—By all means never see him again. A man who could act in the way you describe is wholly unworthy your affection or consideration. Your friend acted quite rightly in showing you his letters; but, if she kept the first appointment with him, she did decidedly wrong, and you are too indulgent, in your opinion of her. By all means meet the man again or listen to any explanation: it is better to say good-bye at once and forever to one who could act so dishonorable a part. You are evidently too lenient and too good-natured; but you should have some consideration for your own dignity and for your own future happiness. If your unworthy lover writes to ask the cause of your change of attitude, answer simply, "I have seen your correspondence with X. X., and do not any longer desire your acquaintance."

SARAH.—Plato was a Greek philosopher who lived about four hundred years before Christ. We are at a loss to discover where you obtained your information as to his wearing ear-rings. They were not indeed unusual ornaments of Greek young men; but we suspect the writer from whom you derived the particular statement about Plato was drawing largely upon his imagination. Historical novelists and romantic historians often do so. Because they know so-and-so may have worn such and such a garment, may have met such and such a person, may have been to such and such a place, they boldly assert outright that he did so. We recollect no instance in which a painter has represented Plato as decorated with ear-rings. Raphael certainly has not given him this personal adornment in his magnificent fresco of the Schools of Athens in the Vatican.

RATTO.—We do not know of any publication "which contains sentimental or humorous speeches, toasts, games, etc., suitable for a wedding-breakfast and the various amusements connected therewith." If you wish to make humorous speeches you will find it much better to make them, as the children say, out of your own head. A printed speech learnt by heart, however effectively delivered, never for a moment imposes upon any body. Besides, such speeches as are found in Manuals of Polite Behaviour are usually vulgar, often coarse, and almost always written by very inferior literary hands. Make your own speeches yourself, and, whether they be humorous or sentimental, they will at least be a great deal better adapted to yourself, your audience, and the occasion on which they are delivered than any set oration you could possibly learn by rote out of a Complete Speaker.

READER.—In English history, "A pocket-borough" is one the whole or the greater part of which is owned by a single landlord, who is thus enabled practically to dispose of the seat to any candidate whom he may select for recommendation to the free and independent electors. There are now few, if any, real pocket-boroughs remaining in England, and the name is at present applied only to those boroughs in which some neighboring magnate has, or is supposed to have, a preponderating influence. But before the Reform Bill of 1832 there were several such pocket-boroughs, which were actually sold outright by their proprietors, together with the privilege of returning one or more members to Parliament. The ancient borough of Old Sarum, for example, was represented by a single farm-house; the bailiff nominated the two candidates, and the farmer returned them without opposition. The borough of Gatton had not a single human inhabitant; and the landlord, as sole freeholder, sent his own nominee to sit for him in Parliament on his own account. The borough of East Grinstead consisted of twelve upright stones, each of which belonged to a different voter, and was bought and sold as practically equivalent to one-twelfth part of the right to elect a borough-member. These were true pocket-boroughs; but the name is now somewhat improperly bestowed upon considerable towns with large populations suspected of being too much under the influence of particular landed proprietors.